The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XV | New York, Saturday, May 18, 1918 | Number 185

Contents

Editorial Notes 64

Leading Editorials
- The Greater Britain 67
- German Policy in Russia 68
- Unified Industrial Strategy 70
- "Bomb-proof Jobs" 71

General Articles
- Our Army and the Red Cross. ..... Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant 73
- The Mongrel ..... Clement Jones 75
- Arlington ..... George Soule 79
- The Outlook for International Law ..... Ernst Freund 80
- Carleton Hubbell Parker ..... Robert W. Bruère 81

Verse 84

Correspondence 84

At the Capitol ..... L. S. 87

Books and Things ..... P. L. 88

Reviews of Books
- Mysticism and Logic ..... R. F. A. H. 89
- Newman's Background ..... H. J. L. 90
- Mr. Howells on Miss Austen ..... Q. K. 92

WHEN the Red Cross began its first attempt less than a year ago to raise $100,000,000 to carry on its war work, there were many misgivings expressed as to the wisdom of its not very well defined programme and as to the probable value, compared to the cost, of its proposed work. These misgivings have proved to be unnecessary. No one familiar with what the Red Cross has already accomplished in Italy, France and this country can doubt the need of supplementing the official American war organization with the services of this less official handmaid. Just because it was less official and consequently less hampered by the necessary observance of an administrative ritual, it has been able to assist the official military organization in a prodigious number of ways and emergencies. The very indefiniteness of its franchise is its chiefest advantage. Instead of being limited to a specific field of action, it can jump in wherever or whenever it is needed, and sometimes after having met the emergency it can pass the work on to more official agencies. It should be figured as a solicitous, vigilant and opulent spirit, which the good genius of the American people has created to safeguard the health and welfare of its army and to assuage some of the sufferings of its Allies; and inasmuch as the effectiveness of its solicitude depends upon the extent of its opulence, it should have no difficulty in raising the money for which it is asking in order to carry on its good work through the second year.

THE value of the Red Cross to the American nation is not measured merely by the assistance which it is rendering to the official war machine. The propaganda which it has been conducting throughout the country and its extraordinary success in securing popular support has formed one of the two or three most compelling causes of the increasing moral union of the American people in respect to the war. Its propaganda has had the peculiar value of emphasizing the more positive and humaner aspects of war service. It has fastened the minds of everyone, participating in the Red Cross organization or contributing to it, on the intelligent performance of a colossal social task. It has been forming out of a considerable portion of the American people a voluntary cooperative society for preventing the war from inflicting any more suffering than could be helped on our soldiers and on the soldiers and civilians of France and Italy. Thus it affords civilian patriotic feeling an immediate and a wholesome outlet in essentially philanthropic work, and so converts it into a valuable preparation for the healing ministrations of peace. It is perhaps the most salutary existing expression of that better nationalism which is not easy to keep alive in the poisonous atmosphere of war, and which whether in war or in peace constitutes the formative and binding influence in American life.

SENATORS who after the agitation of the past few years and after the experience of the war still refuse to submit the votes-for-women amendment to the state legislatures should consider care-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fully the effect of their refusal on the moral unity of the nation. Never in the history of any country have women been called upon to participate in public activities of all kinds as they have been in the United States during the past year. Not only have they been drawn in constantly increasing numbers into industrial war work, but they have been participating to an unprecedented extent in all those voluntary activities which are doing so much to promote American success in the war and to intensify American national consciousness. They are behaving as active citizens, and the failure on the part of Congress to do what it can to recognize their services and to give to them the legal status of active citizens would be indecent in its sheer ingratitude, incredibly stupid in its ignoring of plain facts and puerile in the quality of its statesmanship. To call on women to conduct propaganda, to sell liberty bonds, to occupy important positions, to undertake hard and steady physical labor, to share in every responsibility and every activity except that of actually carrying arms and then to deny them the opportunity of voting would be one of those acts of fundamental inhumanity and injustice which would in the end involve in disaster the nation which consented to it. The women of America are the comrades of the men in this fight. They have just as much to gain as the men have from the successful achievement of American national purpose and just as much to lose as a consequence of failure. Any man who has seen the parade of American nurses and of the mothers of the drafted men, and who refuses to allow to women their share in the responsibility for the political policy, whose burdens they are so cheerfully carrying, is callous to the moral realities of what is now taking place almost to the point of being defective.

HOW far the railway rate question would be simplified under government ownership is made clear by the complaisant attitude of the country toward the Railway Administration's proposal to increase rates by twenty-five per cent. Much less drastic proposals advanced two years ago by the private companies aroused a nation-wide chorus of protests. The organs of railway publicity will doubtless seize upon this occasion to comment weightily upon the popular change in heart; they will argue seriously that in the future there will be no difficulty in securing what they consider adequate rates. But the heart of the public has probably not changed in the least. There was never any opposition to the fixing of rates sufficiently high to cover legitimate costs of operation, including a fair return on actual investments. So long as the government continues to operate the railways, there is an absolute guaranty that the money raised by advanced rates will either be spent on the roads or covered into the treasury. If the roads are returned to the private companies, the old suspicion will return that the profits of advanced rates will be used not to repair or replace rolling stock or to improve and extend the trackage, but to solidify watered stock through increased dividends. Accordingly every proposal to advance rates will be fought as bitterly as in the past.

WHEN in the course of the war we find that we need more ships, more guns, more material of any kind, Congress votes them with commendable promptness. When we need more men than we had originally contemplated, Congress does not stand in the way of an extended draft measure. But when it comes to a need for greater revenues, Congress all but goes out on strike. What, work all summer on a new revenue bill? Better cut the appropriations or rely on bonds. One congressman points out that we expect to raise $5,000,000,000 in taxation under existing law, and have only $6,000,000,000 of money in the country. Just what those figures have to do with each other it is hard to say. Another congressman urges that we are already covering a larger proportion of our war expenses out of taxation than any other country. Perhaps we are, but the really pertinent question is whether we are paying out as large a proportion of our national income in taxes as our Allies—Great Britain for example. We are not. Many congressmen would like to see action delayed until after the fall elections. Why? If they are contemplating a revenue law which continues the democratic tradition of the law last enacted, only increasing its productiveness and bolstering it up in its weak points—as for example the exemption of property income from the excess profits tax levied on personal income—they need not fear to face their constituents after voting for it. If they are contemplating a system of consumption taxes to raise the cost of living to the masses of the people, they have ground for seeking to delay action until after the votes have been counted.

CONGRESS has passed the espionage bill and inasmuch as it is an administration measure the President is practically certain to sign it. The bill has established a censorship on the expression of opinion in this country as drastic as any censorship can well be. Its provisions are vague and comprehensive and bestow on the government during the war the power to suppress practically any criticism which an administrative official can plausibly consider harmful to the American cause or likely to bring American institutions into disrepute. But the bill itself brings one institution

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into disrepute which has always been most highly valued, and which has always been considered characteristically American—the institution of freedom of speech. This institution is supposed to be safeguarded by the Constitution. It now remains to be seen whether this supposition is true. Either war suspends the most explicit constitutional guaranties or else the provisions of the bill which restrict freedom of speech fall within the prohibition of the Constitution. For the bill embodies every principle in respect to the coercion of opinion which the constitutional safeguard was supposed finally to have excluded from American law. It is based on the old ideas, almost universally adopted by eighteenth century governments, that opinions are divided into two clearly recognized classes, one of which is seditious and one of which is not, that an administrative official is capable of discriminating infallibly between the two, and that as a consequence of suppressing the former a wholesome condition of public opinion is created and the moral bond between the people and the state reinforced. None of these ideas seem true. They are false for a democracy during war and during peace.

IN protesting against the principles underlying the espionage bill, we do not, however, wish to be understood as opposing all censorship of opinion during war. Considering the nature of American public opinion, any agitation which is unmistakably intended to bring about American defeat and to prevent the government from obtaining the needed supplies of men and material must be forcibly discouraged, but such suppression should be confined to clear cases. Whenever there is any doubt the presumption should run against suppression. For all suppression of opinion in a democracy is a sign of weakness rather than of strength and the further it is carried the more demoralizing its results are likely to be. A censorship of ideas should be considered as one of the prices which a nation during war is obliged to pay for its infirmities of public opinion and for failure during peace to have dealt honestly and intelligently with the social and political grievances of its citizens. A democracy which falls back on it is playing with fire. In the present instance the effects of the espionage bill upon American public opinion will depend chiefly upon the way in which it is administered. It can be used so as seriously to injure the united moral support which the war is obtaining from the different classes of American society, and it can be used so as to do comparatively little injury. President Wilson will surely recognize the immense responsibility for its discreet administration which he will assume by signing so drastic a measure.

EVEN the dullest witted Austro-Hungarian statesman must now realize that unless peace comes soon, whoever wins in this war, the old Dual Empire must lose. After two or three more years of fighting an Allied victory could not possibly leave conditions in Austria-Hungary as they were before the war. The nationality movement has gained such momentum in the last four years that it is even now doubtful whether the rule of the Germans and Magyars can be maintained except through the intervention of foreign Powers; and no foreign Power will intervene to save them if the Allies win. Either the empire will fall to pieces, or a scheme of federalism will have to be adopted under which the empire will practically become Slavic. If on the other hand Germany should win, the political system of the Dual Empire might remain formally intact. But the German and Magyar elements would have to recognize the fact that all their privileges were derived from Berlin. At any time the withdrawal of Prussian support would mean their downfall. Eventually Austria-Hungary would be annexed to the German Empire, not as a group of free states with a voice in the imperial policy, but as a subject colony. Just as in the recent conference of the Kaiser's, there would be "complete accord on all the fundamental political, economic and military questions affecting the present and future relations of the two monarchies." It would be complete accord that obtains between master and slave.

VICE-ADMIRAL VON CAPELLE, minister of the German navy, manages to put a pleasant face on what is for Germany a pretty bad situation. Naturally submarine losses occur, he says, but the increase in submarines constructed exceeds the losses. "Our naval offensive is stronger today than at the beginning of unrestricted warfare." All this might be true and yet not very important. The minister of the navy omits to refer to the increase in the strength of the Allied defensive. He also omits reference to the original expectations of the naval terrorists. Germany did not inaugurate her campaign of ruthless sinkings until she had equipped herself for rapid construction of submarines. Now, after more than a year of feverish building the most that she can boast is that she is "stronger," although much less effective, as indicated by the decrease in sinkings to little more than one-half of those of a year ago. Von Capelle also squeezes some hope out of the fact that America thus far has built little and that "even if an increase is to be reckoned with in the future, it will be used up completely by America herself." This is undoubtedly true, but why did not von Capelle specify the manner in which America is to use her

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ships? As a fact, they are to be used in conveying troops and guns and supplies to the armies in France. It seems almost incredible that on the basis of facts no more favorable than these von Capelle can talk about "an assured prospect of final success."

IT was Bernard Shaw who said that nowadays we looked upon fatness as a sign either of disease or of bad manners. Before this war is over we may come to regard it as indicating lack of patriotism. Dr. Franklin Warren White, of the Harvard Medical School, comes near saying this in a lecture printed by the Harvard Alumni Bulletin. He does not quite say it. "There is another thing," he begins cautiously, "which I hesitate to speak of, but which we must consider in war times. People who are fat are obviously eating too much. . . . But remember there is no healthy gain in weight after one reaches the age of forty years. . . . It is only fair to say that persons who are thus overweight are not as healthy as other persons; a stout man is actually more short-lived than the average individual." The tone is gingerly and conciliatory, a little as if Dr. White lived in a community where stout men had a majority, or in a circle of fat and tetchy relatives. But the sense of his words is plain and good: most of us, however patriotic, eat too much if we have the money, and some of us betray our weakness by our size. And one reason we eat too much is that we are too lazy to give up the old habit of bolting and to form the new habit of chewing. "When we chew our food thoroughly there is a great economy," as Dr. White says; "we need only about half as much."

The Greater Britain

AMERICANS find it hard to understand the differences of opinion which have recently been dividing Englishmen as to the military conduct of the war and the supreme command of the armies in France. There has evidently been a sharp conflict between the War Cabinet and a powerful faction at General Headquarters about the advisability of the Mesopotamian and Palestine campaigns and about the delegation by the British Staff of authority over the disposition of British troops to a French Commander-in-Chief. The military party opposed to the War Cabinet has been supported curiously enough both by extreme Jingo publications, such as the Morning Post, and also by many Liberal opponents of Lloyd George. Americans would not expect Liberals to fight on the side of military officials in a conflict with civil officials. Neither should we expect generals who insist on the practically exclusive importance of the French front and demand the completest possible concentration of British forces in France to oppose the unity of command, which alone can assure the employment of those forces to the best military advantage. All these bewildering controversies were suggested by General Maurice's attack on the Premier, and Americans would do well for the present to avoid passing a definite judgment upon them. The facts indispensable to a sound verdict are only partially accessible.

We may, however, venture two comments on the English political mix-up, which look from this side of the Atlantic tolerably safe. No matter how far we instinctively sympathize with Lloyd George as the representative of the civil authorities in conflict with the military, and no matter how much we may approve his courageous insistence at great cost to himself on unity of command, we can scarcely avoid the conclusion that his personal usefulness as the leader in the war of the British nation is inexorably drawing to an end. As Lord Hugh Cecil pointed out during the debate, the Premier's vigorous speech in answer to General Maurice was more successful as an attack upon the General than as an exoneration of his own behavior. There have been too many incidents of this kind, all of them reflecting in some measure on his candor and good faith. He has lost the confidence for different reasons of a dangerously large number of his fellow countrymen; and he remains Prime Minister not because of his own strength with the country, but because of the inexpediency of raising political issues until after the offensive is over and because of the lack under existing circumstances of any available substitute. He is likely to be superseded soon after the political as compared to the military aspect of the war is restored to a position of greater importance. He assumed power in order to put increasing energy into the British war machine and to lead his fellow countrymen to victory. If he had attained a larger measure of success, the task of gathering its fruits would naturally have belonged to him, but his success has fallen short of his own promises and the expectation of his fellow countrymen. Considering the disappointing results of his Premiership and the degree to which his countrymen have lost confidence in him, he himself will probably wish to retire as soon as circumstances make his services dispensable.

In describing the results of his leadership as disappointing we hasten however to guard against one misunderstanding. The disappointment arises chiefly from the failure to accomplish with the new British army as much as he, his fellow countrymen and their Allies hoped. This new army embodied the whole young manhood of the British Empire and into its service was pressed the whole vast

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intricate machinery of British industrialism. The British nation confidently expected it to be the instrument of the final decisive victory, and doubtless it would have been, could the Russians have continued to hold a million German troops in the east. Even as it was, it created the impression up to the date of Cambrai of being one of the most powerful instruments for waging war which the world has ever seen. Then came the defeat of Cambrai for which apparently poor staff work was measurably responsible, and more recently the successful attempt of the Germans to break through and wipe out the fifth British army, which must be attributed emphatically to lack of generalship and not to the faults of the troops. Putting these two defects together, it looks as if the prodigious exertion which the British people had expended on their army had failed of being fully effective, and as if the failure was due to the lack in the British High Command of exact scientific professional soldiers, who could be trusted to think out a complex military problem and adapt their preparations to a variety of probable contingencies. The British Empire has been able in a few years to turn its citizens into soldiers and mould its ploughshares into cannon, but it could not improvise a scientifically competent General Staff. The inability to do so seems to be indirectly responsible for the failure of the British army during the past year to measure up to the size of its job and to the expectations of the British nation.

But the significance of the partial failure should not be exaggerated. During the last four years the war has subjected the stamina of the chief belligerent nations to a succession of unforeseen and pitiless tests. In the case of several of them the very fabric of their national lives is being pulled to pieces, and in the case of all of them many parts of the national organization are proving more or less inadequate and untrustworthy. Great Britain has suffered with the rest. One after another of the faults which the dominant public opinion had allowed to remain in the national structure have caused serious anxiety, but on the whole the fabric of British nationalism is standing the strain better than is that of any of her enemies or any of her Allies. The British nation has not shown any superiority over France or Germany in its moral endurance, in its ability to take and inflict punishment, or in its courage and sang-froid. It has not shown itself the equal of its chief friend and its chief enemy in the mastery of military technique. But what it has done is to demonstrate once again its superiority to other nations in political good sense. The British still keep and still display the political gifts which made of them the originators of parliamentary government, the most successful exemplars of opportunist liberalism, and the builders of the first empire which has not proved to be the enemy of civil and political liberty.

The political good sense of the British people has been expressed chiefly in their ability to recognize and to repair even during the preoccupation of war some of the gravest faults in their national organization. They have not made of the war the excuse for shirking every responsibility except that of military preparation and the organization of victory. On the contrary, they have bestowed far more candid, painstaking consideration upon the fulfillment of their collective social responsibilities than they did during peace; and they have been able almost to agree upon many immediate and future measures of industrial, educational and social reconstruction. The British have recognized the indispensable contribution which industrial and social reorganization could furnish to the enduring moral unity of the nation; and the recognition has its remoter spiritual as well as its immediate practical significance. They have gained enormously in intellectual alertness and open-mindedness. They are mutually adjusting themselves to the certainty of radical alterations in the balance of social forces, and many of them are assiduously studying how these changes can be controlled and guided for the benefit of the British nation. Thus almost for the first time in their history the British are applying the results of scientific investigation to the fulfillment of their national and social purposes, and their willingness to do so is significant testimony to their ability to profit by the experience of the war and to learn the most difficult lesson of their own failures. The British are breaking away from the tradition which has kept them a nation of amateurs who live by irresponsible rule of thumb methods in industry and politics. An increase of democratic idealism has brought with it an increase of the professional spirit. They are bent upon carrying the expert scientific spirit, not merely into their practice of the military and industrial arts, but into the more difficult, exacting and more fruitful regions of political and social reconstruction.

German Policy in Russia

GERMAN policy in Russia before the collapse of the power of the Tsar appears to have been purely opportunistic. The Germans undoubtedly did all they could to foment revolution, and at the same time they were intriguing with the aristocracy and bureaucracy, holding before the nervous noble or official the guaranty of privilege and place against the dangers of popular disorder. When the revolution broke, there was in Germany

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a tide of democratic sentiment in favor of the Russian people, at last liberated from the yoke of the Tsars and therefore no longer a menace to Germany. Some traces of this attitude toward Russia were manifested by the civil representatives at Brest-Litovsk. But before the peace negotiations had gone far they fell under the absolute control of the military party. And the military party had developed a quite definite policy toward Russia. This was to seize, for Germany and Austria, so much of the territory of Russia as could profitably be incorporated in the conquering empires, and beyond this to control if possible the whole of Russia through the instrumentality of a counter-revolutionary party.

Why the German military-autocracy should decide to back the counter-revolution instead of the revolution which they had intrigued to bring about is not difficult to understand. Theoretically a Russia restored to order might indeed have become a military menace to Germany, but in fact the possibility that a reactionary government could hold its own without foreign support was extremely small. The only foreign support, however, that could be really effective had to come from Germany. Accordingly the Germans appeared to be safe in throwing their influence on the side of the reaction, even though in some instances, as in the Ukraine, the counter-revolution appeared at first to lean toward the Allies. As a matter of fact, the counter-revolution everywhere except perhaps in eastern Siberia quickly became an exclusively German asset. Americans and Englishmen and Frenchmen might rage against the Bolsheviki and dissolve in sympathy for the Russian property owner reduced to penury by a disorderly policy of confiscation. This could serve only to alienate the good will of the revolution. It could not check the gravitation of the counter-revolution toward Germany. For Germany had more than sympathy to offer. Within a broad territory she could give protection and political power.

We need not suppose that the German decision to support the counter-revolution was based solely upon immediate military convenience. The German Junker doubtless abhorred the thought of the expropriation of the Russian representatives of his class by the peasants and workers whose proper subordination appeared to him a universal political necessity. Possibly, too, the German property owner feared that the spirit of revolution, if successful in Russia, might go abroad. The German industrial classes, looking hungrily to the possibilities of Russian trade after the war, were eager to see order restored, and what chance was there that Russia would be an orderly state and a fruitful field of exploitation if the revolution were left to work itself out? Such considerations must have weighed heavily in conciliating German support for the counter-revolution. But we need not suppose that they would have exerted a determining influence unless the military party had believed that the counter-revolution would win, with their aid, and with their support would continue in power, governing Russia in the German interest. The Germans knew that they could not directly annex any great part of the soil of Russia, but imperialism seldom proceeds by direct annexation. It avails itself of the services of a party owing everything to it. Such a party appeared ready to Germany's hand in the possessors of landed property threatened with penury by the revolution.

A really enlightened imperialism, however, first assures itself of the vitality of a party which it proposes to use as its instrument. Such a party must not be strong enough to stand on its own feet, but it must not be so weak that the imperial nation must thrust it to one side and expose its own machinations. Now, in Finland and the Baltic provinces the party of reaction appears to have met the specifications fairly well. The Baltic barons are good fighters, good business men, and have the lower classes well terrorized. They have not yet been put to the test, to be sure, since the proximity of German armies has made revolt out of the question. In Finland the party of property jeopardized by the revolution is numerically considerable. As compared with other parts of the former Russian dominions, wealth is widely diffused in Finland. There are indeed some aristocratic land holdings, but the Finnish landowner improves and manages his estates like a landowner of western Europe, and is a man of energy and personal power. With a moderate amount of German assistance the White Guards of the reaction have been able to overcome the Red Guards of the revolution. And there appears to be no reason for forecasting the overthrow of the reactionary party so long as it enjoys German favor. In the case of Finland, then, the German imperialistic calculations have demonstrated their soundness.

In the case of the Ukraine, on the other hand, the Germans evidently miscalculated the strength of their party. Their organ of government, the Rada, was subservient enough to promise whatever the Germans asked. Of the meagre grain stocks on hand, the Rada promised the greater part for early delivery, and in addition they promised extensive sowings and abundant harvests. The Rada promised, but the people did not deliver. The fact points clearly to the feebleness of the party of reaction in the Ukraine. The land is one of miserable peasants, with an occasional man of wealth of low degree and sparse large landowners who are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little more than tribute taking parasites left over from the feudal régime. There is practically no middle class in the western sense, men of affairs as well as of property, to give stamina to a party of reaction. The Rada, therefore, had no real social foundation. It was useless as an instrument of imperialism and has been thrust aside by the disappointed Germans, who are seizing grain and instituting forced labor under the hypothetical cover of a complaisant Hetman.

What the Germans have backed in the Ukraine is not then a party analogous to the class of shopkeepers and artisans and independent farmers who gained ascendancy through the French Revolution, but a party analogous to the French émigrés, who associated themselves with the enemy without thereby recovering their fortunes. In Great Russia also the Germans are backing the same class. "Everybody who has anything," so we hear it constantly repeated, "prefers the Germans to the Bolsheviki." Perhaps, but the "everybody who has anything" represents a very small minority in Great Russia. Except in a few cities there is no middle class to give body to a party of property. The Germans may have won to themselves a fraction of the large landowners and former bureaucrats, but to what end, if this party has not the numbers and energy to serve as an instrument of imperial rule?

If Germany had been a democracy there can be no doubt that she would have pursued a quite different policy. With the downfall of its real enemy, the Russian autocracy, a German democracy would have extended its sympathies to the Russian people. Reaction would have had to look to Germany's enemies for support, and under the conditions would have failed even more signally. In the war and the succeeding peace, Germany could have counted upon the friendship and cooperation of the Russian people, and could have been assured that whatever faction might emerge eventually out of the revolution to impose order would be pro-German. But an imperialistic Germany was incapable of applying a democratic diplomacy. She had to make the reaction her own, even though she might have foreseen that except in the border states it was bound to prove a defective instrument.

Naturally, in drawing the Russian reaction to herself, Germany has repelled the revolution and forced it, even against its will, into closer relation with the enemies of Germany. Before Brest-Litovsk it may have seemed plausible to the Russian revolutionist that the difference between Allied and German practice was not great. He has since been disillusioned. The Allies may not have manifested whole-hearted sympathy with the revolution, but they have not threatened to restore the ancient order. This the Germans plainly will do if they can, and not out of concern for the Russians who suffer hardship and loss under the disorder of revolution, but out of desire for a disguised imperialistic control of Russia. It now seems improbable that the Russian revolutionists can be induced to enter the war again on the Allied side, even after they come to a full realization of what Germany intends to do with them. But much that now seems improbable will actually occur before the war is over.

Unified Industrial Strategy

SECRETARY WILSON has designated Mr. Felix Frankfurter to bring our vast industrial armies under unified strategic control. Faced with the necessity of bending the productive resources of the nation to the single end of winning the war, the government has been attempting to execute its industrial programme through a multiplicity of disjointed and self-directing agencies. Each of the producing divisions has competed against the other for money, materials and men, the Navy against the Fleet Corporation, the Ordnance Bureau against the Air Craft Board, the Department of Agriculture against the Food Administration. Our war preparations have been harassed and hampered by interdivisional rivalries, by a multiplicity of policies divergent in conception and execution. There is a patent analogy between our past industrial strategy and the disjointed military strategy of the Allies before Foch was placed in supreme command. Some months ago President Wilson designated the Secretary of Labor as national Labor Administrator to bring unity out of interdivisional anarchy. Secretary Wilson has now appointed Mr. Frankfurter as Assistant Labor Administrator to put the President's policy of unified industrial strategy into effect.

Mr. Frankfurter's problem is simplified by the fact that the actual heads of the various industrial service sections have been eagerly pressing for the definition of a unified policy and the establishment of a unified labor and production control. They have competed against one another not because they were misguided by a spirit of mutually obstructive rivalry, but because their rigidly demarked jurisdictions left them nothing else to do. In the absence of a comprehensive national policy, they were compelled to improvise policies of their own. They realized how disastrous it was for the government to be competing against itself. But Mr. Roosevelt was responsible to the self-centred authority of the Navy, Mr. Piez to the Fleet Corporation, Mr. King to the War Department, Mr. Frayne to the War Industries Board, Mr. Carter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the Railroad Administration—all divisions, to be sure, of the national industrial coalition, but disjointed, not bound together like the divisions of a great private corporation by the executive authority of a common policy-making and policy-administrating board.

The creation of such a board will be Mr. Frankfurter's first task—a task which with characteristic decision he has already largely achieved. Short of an executive order from the President, which has not been issued because it is not called for, this board could be created only by the consent of the divisional labor administrators. Their consent has been eagerly accorded. This week the new War Labor Board will hold its organization meeting. By agreement, the existing War Labor Board, of which Mr. Taft and Mr. Walsh are alternating chairmen, will become a court of final appeal for the definitive adjudication of industrial disputes, and Mr. Taft and Mr. Walsh as representatives of the public will enter the new War Labor Board of which Mr. Frankfurter is chairman; as directing heads of the various industrial services of their departments and boards, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt will represent the Navy, Mr. Stanley King, the War Department, Mr. Leon C. Marshall, the Fleet Corporation, Mr. Hugh Frayne, the War Industries Board. The representatives of the Department of Agriculture, of the Food, Fuel and Railroad Administrations, have not yet been announced; but it is understood that every governmental division concerned in the strategic allocation of raw materials, in the drafting of contracts, in the mobilization and supervision of labor, in the production and expedition of munitions to the fighting front, will participate in the quick definition of an inclusive policy and its effective execution. The Board will be the responsible war council of industry functioning through Mr. Frankfurter as chairman. Upon Mr. Frankfurter now rests the responsibility of achieving unified labor and production control.

It is a great responsibility, crucial to our successful prosecution of the war. But it is a responsibility for which Mr. Frankfurter is exceptionally fitted. In the first week of the war he was called to Washington to act as Secretary Baker's industrial counsellor; he was secretary to the President's Mediation Commission, of which Secretary Wilson was chairman, during its momentous journey which resulted in the termination of strikes in the Arizona copper mines, the California oil fields, the telephone system of the Pacific coast, the stock yards of Chicago and elsewhere. Missions upon which our government sent him to Europe, enabled him to take counsel with government officials, manufacturers and labor leaders concerning the methods by which they have dealt with the industrial problems of England and France. He has been in constant and intimate relation with Sir Stevenson Kent, head of the labor department of the British Ministry of Munitions. Before the war he had years of experience in handling complicated industrial litigations for the federal government. During the administrations of Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, he prosecuted the railroad rebate cases, the Morse-Heinze bank case, the sugar fraud and cotton pool cases. At different times he appeared for the State of Oregon before the United States Supreme Court and sustained the constitutionality of the Oregon ten hour law for men and the minimum wage law for women. He is now on leave from the Harvard Law School, where as Professor of Administrative Law he was chiefly interested in introducing the method and principles of law into the tangled fields of business and industry. But his chief qualification is that he has been able to win his way into the esteem and confidence of the men with whom he is now associated, men preeminently representative of business, the professions and labor.

Secretary Wilson's appointment of Mr. Frankfurter as war labor administrator has been received with cordial and confident satisfaction by the men and women who, through the first feverish year of the war, have borne the heavy brunt of industrial and labor mobilization. We have no doubt that their confidence will be endorsed by the people of the United States, as they come to know Mr. Frankfurter's capacity for wise and decisive action.

"Bomb-proof Jobs"

WHEN the war broke out, over half the members of the General Staff on duty at Washington applied for service in the field, and most of them got it. For months the Staff was crippled because its membership had to be filled with those unaccustomed to staff service. Of course the main duty of a soldier is to fight, and his glory can be won only in battle. Unpleasant as office routine and desk duty is to the ordinary man in ordinary times, it is doubly unpleasant to the soldier in time of war. While his fellows are struggling with the enemy, he is struggling with contracts and specifications, with the task of supplying, through a new and untrained organization, an army which is bound to grow just a little faster than he can enlarge the flow of materials. Or he is, under army discipline, trying to keep up the devastating routine of accurately making out and filing an endless succession of necessary cards and papers. He sees and is impressed by every minor mistake. For his many in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evitable failures he will be censured; his hard-won successes will be the unobserved and unheroic performances of duty.

Meanwhile every ounce of publicity, sentiment and moral pressure drives him to seek a transfer to the field. So strong is this pressure that in some bureaus at Washington reserve officers have been discovered deliberately botching their jobs so that they might be ordered elsewhere. Not many, of course, have so light a view of their obligations, but nearly all feel the same impulse. Inevitably there is a tendency for those holding staff positions to take little pride in their work, no matter how important they know it to be.

Add to this the occasional concerted attacks such as those which, in Congress and in the press, have broken over Ordnance and the Air Service, and the discouragement of the stay-at-home soldier becomes almost unbearable. Nobody knows or can be told how hard he has worked. The fact that he is in the service of his country, perhaps at great personal sacrifice, is dwarfed by the physical sacrifice of his fellows at the front. He goes about on the defensive, feeling a necessity to explain himself, knowing that mistakes have been made which he could not help, sensitive to the comments of friends as well as those of enemies. Whether his department has been blamed justly or unjustly, the effect on him is the same. It undermines his nerve, and prevents him from throwing his full energy into his job.

No one can estimate the baleful results to efficiency of these subtle influences, unavoidable as they are. But recently another burden, as cruel as it is unnecessary, has been thrown on the shoulders of the officers in Washington. It is the cry raised in Congress and spread by a publicity campaign in the press, against the " slackers " in " bomb-proof jobs." This campaign does not distinguish between persons; it throws on every uniformed man in our capital the burden of proving that he is not a coward. Is he an expert in his work? He must advertise the fact. Is he physically unfit; has he a wife and children? To everyone who meets him he must somehow convey that knowledge. Is he above draft age? Then he must show why, unlike others above draft age, he is not in France. The damage of these social obligations to the amour propre of a reasonably sensitive man is insidious. Unless he has a remarkable degree of common sense and moral courage he will give way before the onslaught and flee to the trenches at the first opportunity.

The head of one of the most important sections in the War Department recently told of the destruction wrought among his subordinates by the attacks of Congress on the desk officers. He himself has two sons in France, and is presumably immune from the desire to protect slackers. He had built up one important service of forty men, technically trained. There were not available for this work many men above draft age, and the salaries he could pay for it would not support a family. He had, therefore, with much time and trouble, assembled a force of energetic young men. After two weeks of the " bomb proof job " agitation, the chief of that service had come to him with the word that the force was dissipated to the four winds. That morning the last man had been refused exemption. No new candidates would accept the positions offered. In other sections, where the Department had insisted that the officers keep at their work, their morale had visibly deteriorated.

It is unreasonable to ask the country to grant as much glory to the men at the desk as to the men who face the enemy. The officers who never see action must and should give up willingly the chance of heroic distinction and popular applause. Any young men in the War Department, who would not otherwise be exempt, should be transferred to the field for the sake of their own pride, if satisfactory substitutes can be found. But, on the other hand, it is necessary for Congress, the press and the people to play fair. Unless we are ready to disorganize the sources from which our army derives its power, we must admit their dignity and importance. We must honor the uniform just as much no matter what insignia appear on the collar and no matter how few service stripes are on the sleeve. The man who keeps a steady hand and does well his job in Washington, in spite of all the natural difficulties and the more dangerous opportunities elsewhere, is contributing an essential component of victory and is exhibiting a high degree of moral stamina, of a sort which is most useful to democracy.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1918, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY FRANCIS HACKETT
PHILIP LITTELL ALVIN JOHNSON
GEORGE SOULE—Assistant Editor

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE: REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Army and the Red Cross

IT was my good fortune last February to motor over a part of the American line of communications with the Chief Surgeon of the American Red Cross and his chief woman assistant. A famous château in a vast park, which might become a convalescent hospital, was our first objective. Groups of our young countrymen with snowdrops in their buttonholes and French girls on their arms —it was the first Sunday of spring—were before us, eagerly exploring "historic France"; and I saw the Major quietly measuring his future patients against these lofty medieval walls. Could they be warmed? Was the kitchen domain convenient? Would this sunny stretch of roof serve as a sleeping porch? I wished that the anxious mothers of these light-hearted privates, so intent on our French guide's accent, so remote from thoughts of the German Offensive, might feel the warmth and the intensity of the solicitude that went into the consideration of every detail.

As we bowled along towards Base Hospital N° X, I formulated a puzzling question: What was the exact relation between the A. E. F. and the A. R. C. in regard to hospitals?

Formerly, the Major said, the Red Cross had charge of medical and nursing service back of the front. In this war the army controls it from the rear to the dressing stations.

The base hospitals, though most of them were originally privately equipped and organized as to personnel, are as much under General Pershing's command as camps and trenches. So are the nurses and doctors in these hospitals; the former, while enrolled by the Red Cross and provided with their initial equipment, become army nurses if they elect to care for soldiers, and doctors in Red Cross army work are detailed from the Medical Reserve Corps. The Chief Surgeon and his assistant were thus permanently detailed at the beginning of the war, and other army doctors are loaned for temporary Red Cross duty—such as the dispensary service to the French civil population in the zone of the army which the Red Cross has been required to undertake to protect the billeted American soldier against disease. On its own account the Red Cross runs three military hospitals in Paris for French and American soldiers and Red Cross personnel; it largely supports five French hospitals, besides helping four thousand with supplies. It will start convalescent homes and re-education hospitals as the need arises—always with army doctors, and in expectation that the army may eventually take them over.

"In short," said the Chief Surgeon, with a twinkle, "from the point of view of the A. E. F. we are nothing but a side show."

A rather popular side show, I gathered, from the warm welcome of the army confrères at Base N° X.

"See that busy little steam engine?" said the young doctor who guided me through the arcades that connect the pleasant hospital buildings, "it's a portable laundry that turns out six hundred pieces of linen a day; practically impossible to get washing done in this country—we had to draw on our stock of new linen until the Red Cross fixed us up."

By this time we had got to a convalescent ward with windows all open to the sun; cheerful-looking patients were smoking and reading in their gray-blanketed cots to the strains of rag-time.

"Red Cross phonograph," remarked the doctor, "they provide one for each ward. Red Cross travelling library books. Red Cross pyjamas, made by the ladies of Idaho. Standardized Red Cross splints and bandages on that smashed-up aviator. Do you see that Red Cross bag at the head of the bed?—he has had it there ever since Christmas—that chap is recovering from pneumonia, and the Red Cross dainties in our diet kitchen did a lot to bring him through."

Behind I heard the chief nurse talking to the doctor's assistant. "There are two or three of our nurses who never got their trench coats. Shall I send the measures?"

In front, the Major seemed also to be making notes. "All right, I'll see that you have those instruments next week. . . ."

Our next destination was an aviation camp, one of the biggest and most important in the A. E. F. —a whole city of wooden barracks with a dozen outlying fields, isolated in the middle of a dull piece of flat country. From the moment we entered the gate we stumbled upon Red Cross activities. To the left stood a new bathhouse where a thousand men a day were now getting hot showers; heretofore the nearest hot water was eight miles away. To the right was the canteen, where the enlisted men were flocking on one side of the counter, and the cadets on the other, to take ambrosial hot coffee and chocolate and superlative sandwiches,—cheese and jam, white army bread and fresh butter—from the hands of trim American women. Special diets were here provided on doctor's orders. Beyond was the officers' club, with its open fire and its comfortable chairs and its dining room which had become the regular officers' mess for camp at the request of the Colonel—we did not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wonder when we tasted the food. A mending shop displayed neat compartments full of socks; and the women's barracks, built of bare boards like the rest, were reminiscent of the Adirondacks, with their chintz curtains, their piano and their bathtubs. Real imagination as to the needs of the aviator—who has a special nervous tension to contend with—real taste and competence had gone into all this; and something comfortably American, which transformed Aviation Centre N° X from an ugly wooden island in a muddy foreign plain into a homelike piece of United States soil.

This is almost the only camp where the Red Cross has stepped in with canteen facilities to meet a special and immediate need. Whereas it is more and more called on to supply baths, dispensaries and the like, the Y. M. C. A. is henceforth to have exclusive charge of recreation and canteen activities in soldiers' camps, while the Red Cross will undertake them at Base hospitals and at railroad stations along the line of communications. The Red Cross, like both the army and the Y. M. C. A., had on arriving in France to improvise for the American soldier a programme based on 50,000 men which could be rapidly extended to a million and beyond. Its function was less clearly defined than the Y. M. C. A.'s, but—though supported by voluntary subscription—it was a governmental agency, authorized and enjoined by Congress to act "in matters of voluntary relief" and "in accordance with the military and naval authorities" "as the medium of communication between the people of the United States and their army and navy." It is the only organization permitted by the government to give voluntary aid to the sick and wounded; and its leaders and workers in France have from the beginning felt very deeply their responsibility to the American nation for the supplementary comfort and care of our fighting forces.

The Red Cross is bound to initiate any specific piece of work which the army considers necessary; the manufacture of nitrous oxide for anaesthetic purposes,—which saves twenty per cent more of the very severely wounded than ether and chloroform,—is a recent instance. So far as supplies go, the Red Cross is not intended as a stop-gap for improvident officers who have failed to make demands on the Quartermaster, but with its relatively informal organization, its freedom from official red tape, it can and does act quickly and independently in emergency to help provident and improvident alike care for their men. It can only function properly when it has the fullest cooperation of the military authorities; steadily the cooperation has been growing, steadily the army has learned to depend on the Red Cross and the Red Cross to adapt itself to changing army needs; month by month Red Cross improvisation has grown into something like a definite military programme.

All the way from the ports of entry to the front line trenches, parallel to the army warehouses, are Red Cross warehouses stocked with clothing, food and medical supplies with motor transportation at their service. At all the important railroad junctions and regulating stations "rest stations" have been started on very much the same plan as the very successful chain of station canteens along the French line of communications which were taken over by the Red Cross last summer, and now feed about a million French soldiers a month. The American rest stations, like the French ones, are decorated by the French camouflage section and include canteen, kitchen, sleeping quarters and lounging room for transients, often baths as well; a nurses' aide is always on duty, as well as the women canteeners, and sick men are kept twenty-four hours until they either recover or go on to military hospitals. Similarly, along the front line, rolling kitchens like those supplied for the French are being established. In the base hospitals the Red Cross provides recreation huts for the hospital corps and the convalescent patients, and sometimes special huts for nurses—who, by the way, have a special food allowance from the Red Cross and a hotel in Paris and a fine hotel on the coast for leave and convalescence. Every base hospital has a Red Cross officer for liaison with medical officers on the supply question; and every hospital is to have a band of devoted Red Cross women whose sole business will be to get in complete touch with sick and wounded soldiers and officers, and write letters home that will keep families fully informed about serious illness and death. Already the pioneers among these women have been most successful in looking up the missing. Every sanitary train has a Red Cross nurses' aide who writes letters and takes message en route.

The recent emergency situation, which has upset the best laid plans and will probably continue to mingle the armies of the Allies and their medical resources, has developed another need, a French-speaking American nurse to act as interpreter in every French hospital where American men are brought in. The French Service de Santé now regularly report such cases to the Red Cross and the Home Communication Service works on its own account. Liaison is growing everywhere—if the Red Cross has been able to supply pillows to American men it has also been able to supply French surgeons with nitrous oxide in hospitals where wounded were being operated on without an anaesthetic. At this moment a cellar in Soissons shelters an American surgical nurse who has been living there since the bombardment

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

started six weeks ago, caring for American wounded. The American troops are gone, but she stays on with her last helpless patient—the Red Cross does not intend to let one American go unbefriended. As for its transportation and canteen service, it has been and still is of incalculable value to the Allied armies at the front; and as the Paris newspapers say, "the Red Cross ambulance men are always the first to get to the scene of a shell explosion."

No account of the service of the American Red Cross to the soldiers should fail to mention the scientific research into specific army ills undertaken by the American Red Cross in cooperation with the army, through research laboratories in army hospitals, and a research commission composed of the best qualified experts in the Medical Reserve Corps. The research has cost almost nothing (contrary to some American reports) and has already obtained results of outstanding importance. There is no field like an army hospital for scientific study; and it was in a British army hospital, in close cooperation with British experts, though under the supervision of a staff of American doctors, that sixty American soldiers recently volunteered as subjects for experiment in trench fever. The record of the American army with yellow fever experimentation in Cuba stood as precedent; and the source of transmission of this baffling and long drawn-out disease—trench fever has sometimes reduced man power at the front by one-third, though its effects are rarely fatal—has at last been discovered. As the mosquito transmitted yellow fever, so the louse transmits trench fever; the problem of "delousing" the army appears negligible now that this fact is ascertained.

The Red Cross has a medical library centre in Paris open to all army doctors; it sends travelling medical libraries into the field; it has founded a research society—of which all the Medical Corps of the army are members—where papers are read once a month by French, English and the most experienced American surgeons. A research magazine publishes a resumé of the best papers, and is widely distributed to Allied surgeons. The Red Cross also publishes manuals, such as the standard splint manual, for the army, and leaflets of scientific information that it is desirable to place quickly in the hands of American surgeons. The Chief Surgeon of the Red Cross feels that he cannot more effectively aid the wounded American soldier than by keeping those who are caring for him in constant contact with the literature of the ever changing and developing medical and surgical science pertaining to war.

The true story of the Red Cross and the American soldier will never be told. For the most precious Red Cross gifts come like those of the traditional godmother—a basket left on the doorstep with no name attached. And now that the American army is at last deeply engaged in the war, now that we cannot foretell what tomorrow's desperate needs may be, now most of all the American people must have faith in the Red Cross and keep pouring out its dollars; its faith will be abundantly justified. "Tell them," said a homesick boy in a French hospital to the Red Cross nurse who had gone to his rescue, "tell them that I want to go back to *my own folks*."

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

Paris, April 23rd.

The Mongrel

WITH a loose-jointed, extravagant gait, Henry was flinging himself along the road from Stone to Barton. From his long wrist and bony hand hung a typewriter in a battered tin case. By the way his head was thrust forward and up from his high, angular shoulders and by his glance—extraordinarily blue and bright with the after-fatigue of intensity—you could easily see that Henry "lived in his head." You could see that that long body carried Henry's worn and extravagant face from spot to spot and that the action behind it made all the rest of him tired.

Henry had not walked that particular road for a long time, not since he had attended the funeral of his aunt in the front parlor, some twenty-two years ago. The evening of that same day he had walked from Barton to Stone, boarded one of the ramping trains he had long admired with passion, and passed from New England. Since then Henry had lived by his typewriter, on his nerve, and in his head. It made you ache to think of the moods and processes of Henry's mind during its frequent transitions; and of the number of words Henry had brought forth, hotly—wearily—and of the modifications, mutations, extensions, or deductions of these various words and ideas.

And it could not have failed to be obvious to the initiated, from the method by which Henry traversed the muddy lapses of the Barton Road this morning—that is, on the sides of his feet, with the inner edges of the soles turned upward—that there were great holes in his boots. Certainly if Henry's acknowledged and itinerant brilliance had paid him better he would not now have been carrying his typewriter like this, naked and red of hand on a cold October day, his long wrist protected only by the greening fringes of his sleeve.

Just before his sudden re-embarkation for New England, Henry had been writing articles on music

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the public prints of Nebraska. He had been warmly but—as usual—temporarily admired in Nebraska; for Henry never stayed long enough in one place to amass the solid local reputation which is one of the corner-stones of fame. Whenever you wished to get hold of Henry to do him an honor, or to use his mind for something you had on hand, you always found that Henry had changed his address. He would just come to the stage, say, of dining with the first citizen of a given locality, when he would suddenly show himself not the one degree cleverer than they which could cause them to admire in him the just extension of themselves, but so many degrees more intelligent and wild that he put himself at a serious disadvantage. You would see Henry seated at an excellent board, talking restrainedly, conforming both in his tone and style, and you had high hopes for him once more. Then suddenly his attention would be lost, irretrievably. His eyes would become fixed, his face unduly depressed or indecently exultant, as if he beheld Truth at last on the corner, and he would, so to speak, rush out—creating resentment at the excursion. The consequence was that at forty-three, Henry was almost always perfectly free to seek truth from pillar to post, wearily, unrestedly, and on the sides of his feet. And at length Henry had become tired of words, tired of ideas, tired of thoughts, and wished to cast aside his airy weapons which mainly served to lacerate himself. One stale morning in Nebraska Henry remembered his heritage in Barton.

His mood and intention were at this moment enjoying the Barton Road to the full: the handsome, rocky ridge to the left, flickering with birch, quiescent with gray boulder; on the right the pasture faintly active with the slow divagations of sheep among the rich green juniper. At the sheep, however, Henry glanced in a worried way. Impossible to grasp their point of view. Maturity and life and love and chance with such comfortable sides? Yet they were eminently rooted in the scene. And that, above all things, was what Henry had come for. To strike his roots and end his pains. He felt that he must disregard the ragged raillery of some crows cocking their heads as they flew over him in the fluent radiance of the light.

In spite of the fact that it was October, everything looked fresh, crystalline, rejuvenescent. Henry felt that acute, strange gratitude which the congenitally restless sometimes feel at the illusion that their root is struck, that a Meredithian "earth" has reached out her hand to calm them down.

Henry felt indeed, on this morning, more or less unconsciously, that at last he had outstripped that prideless, fugitive, large-eyed mongrel, Pain—that cur which you chase back along the road with imprecations, then turn a moment later to find following you again. Not so here. This was a clear road. This was the real thing. Already Henry thought he felt the antenatal roots, branching and strong, stir in the lean ridge and aged pasture. No more metaphors and figures of speech for Henry. That metaphor about the mongrel, Pain, for instance—that was just the kind of thing he would no longer be needing. All that dead wood. Done with.

This reassurance, however, had scarcely distributed its balm along Henry's nerves, before—with a rustling in the heaped leaves by the stone-wall—just such a mongrel, not figurative, but in the flesh—emerged and came shivering on three legs to Henry's feet. Involuntarily, as from an evil omen, Henry sprang aside. Why the devil had this to happen? Just at this moment? Henry turned bleak at the presence there of Anxiety incarnate. But presently he could not help stooping down. He touched the dog, which shrank but risked remaining.

"Well, old man?" said Henry.

Instantly, though evidently weak and hungry, the dog began springing about Henry, leaping higher than his elbows, then sat back stock-still, lest hope deceive. Henry started briskly forward, as if dismissing the affair and washing his hands of the cur, but a few steps further on Henry could not forbear to look back. He looked, and hurried on. Almost, he ran. Tentatively, on three legs, but managing to keep pace with Henry, the mongrel followed close.

II

The house stood by the road, bone-dry and silver-gray, under two yellow sycamores—a wraith of beauty, sublimated by the weather. Henry looked with satisfaction at the flanking trees which struck their roots so deep. The mongrel fitted his nose to the jamb, not to get left outside.

"Come in, Misery," Henry said politely to the dog and turned the key in the lock.

As the door swung back against the wall, not even Henry's conviction of the living, crystal air could match the appalling smell of must which met and chilled him. The sun pouring along the narrow entry emphasized above all things that the genius of time, its figurehead Dust, had so established itself as to obliterate the pattern of the carpet. Uniformly came the smell of must and the mongrel following at his heels. Henry set his typewriter down among the skeletons of some plants which had died in their pots many years ago, and rushed outdoors.

A grass road with three ruts in it led to the ridge

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where sumachs made a handsome and angular pattern against the sky. Half-way up the hill Henry stopped to look at the aged limekiln. A dogwood, already level with the brink, was growing out of it. Woodbines patterned its sides as the interring earth patterns and enlivens ancient glass. It looked alarmingly old, the limekiln, alarmingly disused, alarmingly though so gradually reclaimed by that "earth" which Henry had been so glad just now to find under his restless feet. Perhaps there was too much "earth" about this. It had a look of being able to wear you out, to stare you down, with those before and after you. But then, the unglamorous mid-day had come, when the edge wears off enthusiam and the spirits sink like a stone.

On the grass road, near the crest, Henry stubbed his toe, and bending down, pulled out of the sod a half-buried horseshoe. It was bitten with rust and three nails stuck to it. Henry remembered his aunt's "Sterling" who had used to range the slope. Henry hung Sterling's shoe across his arm and lying flat on his stomach looked over the edge of the small quarry a few steps to the left of the road, where a rare mineral had sometimes been sought by scientists and students. Henry had marvelled as a boy that those who were supposedly in the thick of the fight should want to come to this forsaken ridge and look for bits of stone. And here was Henry back again himself, looking down into the quarry. The round pool at the bottom lay motionless, yellow apple-leaves resting on its surface as if ageless and transfixed. Never had he seen such immobility. There had been someone in Henry's family who, after returning from a roaring life at sea, had carved a model of his clipper in the face of the rock down there so that her keel struck just below the surface of the water. It made Henry shudder, that ship of stone, lying dead-still forever on the pool.

Gradually Henry became aware of the reflection of his own eyes looking into the water. And presently he saw there also the reflection of the mongrel's face beside his own, gazing down across his shoulder.

III

By evening Henry had swept most of the dust from the lower floor of the house. He had found a broom hanging on the third nail, as a broom had always hung. Finding the broom there had given Henry the same revulsion that the sight of the stone ship on the motionless pool had given him. You may shut up a house for twenty years, and life and time go over you with devastating or fructifying changes, but when, no matter how long after, you come and open the door, you will find that not a thing has moved—the gloves on the hall-table or the broken saucer in the sink. A curtain, possibly, may have rotted and fallen from its place into an immobility yet more profound. But only the dust really moves—all the rest stands still, without a rustle, without a sigh, without a breath. . . . It jerks you back, shows you that your life is one continuity, the insignificance as well as the significance.

Nevertheless Henry got back some of the halcyon feeling when he began to sweep. He had thrown the dead geraniums away. He had been upstairs and found in his room—where his bed was still unmade as he had got out of it on the morning of his aunt's funeral, twenty-two years ago—a copy of Voltaire's Candide and a volume of Renan which he had been reading at that time, feeling, of course, like a lord of intellectual liberty. With what zest he had taken his youthful freedom.

Henry brought the volumes downstairs and set them on the kitchen shelf, Voltaire to the left of the clock, Renan to the right. The clock had a gilt squirrel on the glass over the pendulum, and you could see the pendulum going to and fro behind it. Henry smiled and took up the rusty horseshoe he had brought down from the ridge. Which way did it go, for good luck? Some said, with the points up, to keep the good luck in. Others said points down, to shed the luck on those who passed below. Henry decided on the latter. It sounded more generous. The nails were bent and would not go in far or firmly, but Henry hammered at them. Then he got down from the chair, looked up at the horseshoe above the door, smiled forlornly, glanced at Messrs. Renan and Voltaire, and shrugged his shoulders.

Henry then opened the door and stood there, the horseshoe pointing down to shed its luck upon his head, the mongrel close beside him. Well, here he was. What difference if Henry's friends in various quarters of the globe were delighted to sit up all night and hear him talk? What difference if he could read Sanskrit and speak Russian? Or that he might have been the chief of a daily in New York for the slight modification of a point of view which he had by now forgotten? True, this was the season when life was humming in town. Was he out of it? Hopelessly? Henry was conscious of a renewal of the cold ache of poverty, of being "short" of everything—of money, of love, of fame, of any kind of satisfaction. Or was Henry, on the other hand, just beginning, wonderfully, healingly, to be in it? Henry didn't know. He saw a small wind blowing leaves from the sycamores across the stars. He smelt the must behind him in the house. They balanced each other. They went hand in hand.

Henry said that his weakness lay just there, in his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trying to extort meanings from fortuitous things, things which were only useful to juggle with, to arrange in patterns of dexterity against the air. You should do as you saw fit with things, not regard them with a fruitless attention. Why didn't he just go in, get out his typewriter, write some more, and shut up? Or if he insisted, wasn't this just the chance to "put his thoughts in order"? But he didn't care a damn about putting his thoughts in order. Was he never to control this "hant" of restlessness? Was he never to get clear of that three-legged, slinking Pain?

Just at this moment the dog which was sitting beside Henry in the door reached up to lick his hand, as if in protest to the unjust metaphor. Henry had never been known to resist a stray. But at the touch now of the wanderer, Henry jumped aside and cried out involuntarily: "How the devil can I get away from here if I take you in? Shoot you?"

But Henry knew that he would never shoot the dog, or turn him out, or do anything but wait until it died or got run over, the latter being unlikely as nothing ever passed the house but creeping, ancient horses. The dog looked elderly about the muzzle, but he was strong and agile on his legs. God knew how long it would be.

When Henry became conscious of what he had been thinking, he was sick at himself. A lord of intellectual liberty indeed! He thought of Renan and Voltaire beside the clock. He thought of the horseshoe above him. He struck his head with the flat of his hand. Was he going dotty?

"What bloody nonsense," Henry cried aloud, and began feeling in his pocket for the typewriter-ribbon he had bought that morning in Stone. Then he turned sharp about—the dog turning instantly, motion for motion, with him. Henry seized the door, stepped inside, slammed it shut, and leaned back against it.

Henry had slammed the door with violence. And all at once down dropped the horseshoe from its crooked nail and hit Henry hard upon the head with one of the points which were turned downward for good luck. . . .

The dog stood stock-still, expecting a fresh calamity in its desolate life. Astonishment, wrath, pain swept Henry at the insolence of the event.

Then Henry laughed, tremendously. He looked about the room. The horseshoe lay in stupid immobility upon the floor. Voltaire leaned against the clock. Behind the squirrel swung the pendulum.

Observing next the mournful fixity of the mongrel's eyes, Henry reached out his hand to reassure it, while a second smile—gradual, but gaining in beauty—made its way across Henry's face. And the longer he looked, the more radiantly Henry smiled at this mongrel, a mongrel—God help it—like any other, but no longer a sign or a metaphor to Henry.

Henry opened the door, and a great, dilating reassurance drenched him. Free. Free of all the clutter. No longer did it matter in the least whether the mongrel went or stayed. He was welcome to spend the rest of his life with Henry. Henry stood free and clear at last. Nothing dogged him any more. The constellation Capricorn, binding in the stars, burned low and large above the ridge. But even gazing at unalterable law Henry felt no longer clogged or bound. Thought after thought swept through his mind. Nothing in him said "No" to any of them as they rushed across.

For Henry had—quite suddenly, quite without conscious effort—struck his root far down—not in the soil of Barton—but into the bottom soil of things. And as he stood there, the contact of life behind life moved through his veins until the typewriter-ribbon burned in his pocket and it seemed to Henry that there was no limit to the reach or freedom of his boughs or to the crystal air in which he felt them tremble and expand.

Great clouds, large and free in their gestures, passed across a rising moon, and roved superbly over the ample heavens. How fresh it all was. No decay, no immobility there, no forlorn, defrauded ghosts. Henry glanced behind him at the room inside—so broken-down, so meagre. And it smote Henry with pain. Could you simply go off—no matter how much your soul raced with projects—and leave a poor old thing like that to its accumulation of insignificance, to its aged burden of futility?

Then of a sudden Henry's eyes spread wide and began extraordinarily to shine. Why not give the old house its release—as Henry had just now had his—from ghosts and clutter? Of course. Of course.

In one corner of the room still stood the box of straw where his aunt's cat had slept during the nights of many years. Planting himself now in the middle of the floor, Henry swept his bony arm about him, picked up the lighted lamp, lifting it ceremoniously high, then flung it across the room into the box of straw. . . . Crash and smoke and flame.

Henry put on his hat, took up his typewriter, called to the trembling mongrel, and stepped outside. There he backed off to regard the holocaust. Showers and jets of sparks rushed up and up like the flock of the delivered years.

Wasn't it glad, that old house, to be delivered from its fusty immobility, to join the splendid flight of clouds across the sky?

Then Henry set off again over the Barton Road to catch the night express out of Stone, the mongrel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trotting ahead with uplifted tail—sure of a companion forever. And the shadows now of the two —intensely black, immensely tall and immensely thin—mingled perpetually, extravagantly—hastening along through the sharp white flood of the moon.

CLEMENT JONES

Arlington

THE Lee house across the Potomac, with its six wide white columns, contemplates Washington as from the sixties. It waits there, empty at the edge of Arlington cemetery, solidly and with steady grace, to watch what we shall do. Day by day the quiet challenge impresses itself, seen from the speedway or the Polo grounds where the flashing new airplanes rise and settle.

It was late afternoon when I started across the river to see what was behind. Through the hilly streets of Georgetown, cobbled and clamorous with returning market wagons, over the long bridge, past a few broken frame houses on the Virginia shore, the trolley rocked and swayed towards Fort Meyer, with its brick barracks and its new wooden buildings. Little sign yet of the old century.

Dusk was rising when I walked by the granite posts into the national cemetery. The road curved between heavy trees; the last visitor, a frail old lady in black, passed me going out. Under the trees on either side rolled away the trimmed lawn to the far ring of dark, measured by white rows of innumerable tombstones. On the left lay the officers, under pretentious monuments whose odd shapes were moulded in the shadow to a finer expression of the homely affection which had raised them. On the right the simple low squares which marked the soldiers' graves stood in regular order, rank after rank, so that it seemed the world must be filled with them.

Midnight may be the hour of the dead, but never have they seemed so living to me as then in the twilight. The boys lying here were no older than those in the casualty list of the newspaper in my pocket. I pictured them, as Stephen Crane described them, coming from the farms of Illinois and Ohio and Wisconsin, from New England towns like Springfield and Providence, crowding into the wilderness camps and the battle lines of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Our great war usually seems remote, I think, to those of us who were born long after it was over, because we have associated it with aged veterans, seen together only in Memorial Day parades or sequestered Soldiers' Homes. But these soldiers had died in battle, and their ranks here were full and unbroken, an army of young men, their lives completed and the years after them unlived. At the moment it was unreal to think of Wilson in the White House across the river; Lincoln was nearer and more familiar.

But I was on my guard against sentimentalizing over those who die in war. Smugly to envy the heroic dead, because they lie calmly in straight rows with a beautiful finality of purpose achieved, substitutes the day dream of a comfortable observer for the tediousness and dirt and wrench which they endured. And, on the other hand, to pity them for their suffering is invidious if we forget the trouble of the living and those still to live, especially the trouble that is not willingly undertaken in a dramatic moment for a cause urgent enough and swift enough to take up the whole nobility of a man. Neither envy nor pity was what they had earned. It disposed of them too easily, as some politician might in a holiday oration.

These thousands lying in the dusk deserved better of us than that we should think they had liquidated man's debt to life in one stroke of heroism. They deserved better than that we should take the world from them as if they, by a propitiatory sacrifice, had made it perfect. I began to wonder what they would have done if they had lived on. Not if, like many of their comrades, they had come through safe, but if they had died as they did, and then had come back from the war and worked with us. They included, no doubt, the best of their generation. They had, definitely, saved the union and broken slavery. But would they have taken part in reconstruction as it was practised? Would they have turned so wholeheartedly to the exploitation of the country as the men of the seventies, eighties and nineties? Would they not have poured a fresh stream of power into the nation's life? What would they and their President have said of Homestead, of Ludlow, Lowell and Bisbee? If they would not have acquiesced, we could not be complacent about their neat ranks in the cemetery.

Doubtless it was expecting too much of them to hope that they would have done better than those who survived. Even so, their survivors had failed in a way surely pathetic. The implications of the best they had been able to do were unfulfilled. Suppose those who had died never dug deep enough in their minds to see beyond the momentary effort, still it was tragic that so much willingness had been used up in a single struggle, that it had been regarded so generally as a completed salvation. To live well for one's country was certainly as necessary, and, judging by the result, was probably as difficult, as to die for it. It was imperative somehow to find the power to do as well in life as in death. Where was the source of that rich-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness in motive and insight when the crisis subsided?

The arc of measured yellow lamps on the bridge appeared down a vista, with Washington glimmering beyond, a searchlight on the tip of the great obelisk back of the White House, and, farther back, the dim bulk of the Capitol's dome. I walked past the circular pergola, the brick courtyard and slaves' quarters, to the porch of the Lee house, and joined its quiet speculation. With it, I wondered if what was springing up across the river would strike as deep roots as the memories behind in the dark, whether what would result might yet bring a belated and more nearly perfect consummation.

Darkness had settled as I turned back. Delicate and fanciful were the lines of white stones over the little hills. By now they were familiar and more human. A light wind, fresh from locust blossoms, stirred the leaves. The way seemed shorter than coming in. And suddenly, looking out across the graves from the city of the young dead, I saw the lights of Fort Meyer barracks, full of men in training.

GEORGE SOULE

The Outlook for International Law

THE question has been asked by a writer in the New Republic why international law should treat war as legal. The answer is simple: if war were outlawed like piracy, all restraint upon the manner of its conduct would disappear, and its horrors would be infinitely worse. Was it not deemed wise and necessary to recognize the insurrection of the southern states as war, and to that extent "legalize" it? Law and custom being one in the system of the law of nations, the analogy of the duel is defective. Neither English nor American law legalized the duel, but treated it as murder, and did not even give it, as continental codes do, the privileged status of homicide of inferior degree. It was custom that furnished the sanction, prescribed the form, and finally decreed the disuse of the institution.

Is the still lingering custom of shooting at sight the despoiler of your honor preferable to the duel? Opinions may differ on this point, but let us beware of drawing conclusions upon the theory of the survival of the fittest. The nearest parallel to war outside of international law we find in the seigniorial feuds of the Middle Ages, and it was regarded as a step in advance when, about a thousand years ago, the institution of the truce or peace of God placed these under some kind of rule and restraint.

In municipal law peace did finally come, not through the outlawing of all force, but through its monopolization by the state; and peace was most successfully established where the royal power asserted itself most strongly and held out at least a distant hope of equal justice to all contending elements in the community alike. And peace within the state would be impossible now but for the theoretical power of the law to achieve ultimately social justice. War will not be outlawed by a fiat of international law, unaccompanied by fundamental alterations of international right and obligation, a real change in the relationships of nations.

The League to Enforce Peace does not dare to propose an absolute prohibition of war; it seeks to remove or reduce the danger of war by the compulsory postponement of the recourse to the arbitrament of force until after an appeal to arbitration or conciliation. But all legislative experience shows that schemes are wrecked by the difficulty of detail; and one must remain sceptical with regard to any plan of postponement that does not prescribe conditions to be observed during the period of respite, and methods of control connected therewith. The Bryan arbitration treaties as first formulated contained a provision to the effect that pending the investigation and report of the international commission the parties agree not to increase their military or naval programmes (with an exception in case of danger threatening from a third power), but it is stated that this provision appears in no treaty that was finally ratified. Certainly the difficulty of gaining acceptance for such a clause will not be less in an attempt to negotiate a more general league. A disarmament or reduction of armament agreement will be as easy to obtain and vastly more effective.

Of course the very influential sponsors of a League to Enforce Peace and the many advocates of some league of nations recognize the necessary imperfection of any tentative plan and are not committed to their present programme as a finality. Making due allowance for this, it is still necessary to sound a note of warning against placing excessive confidence in the possible effects of mere organization, or at least to emphasize the necessity of supplementing organization at once by a revision of rights and obligations. It is true that in the development of municipal law or law within the state, the perfecting of organization has, generally speaking, preceded the perfecting of the system of rules, and that order of development seems more con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

genial to the spirit of the common law; but in international law the course of evolution has been the opposite, and there is much reason to believe that there will be no reversal of order in this respect in the near future.

To illustrate the difference between the two methods of procedure: the necessary result of a league, and indeed an essential feature of any effective peace organization, will be to deprive its members of the privilege of neutrality. State the same thing in form of a principle, and it means that it is the duty of every nation to give support to one of the contending parties to any international controversy. The difficulty of the proposition so stated is obvious, and at once invites the consideration whether it is possible to obtain so much at the start.

Much readier adhesion might be expected to the somewhat modified proposition, which after all expresses merely what is an undeniable fact, that every controversy between two nations that menaces the continuance of peaceful relations between them, is the legitimate concern of every other nation. Agreement to this extent would not put any excessive strain upon the natural conservatism of responsible statesmen; unlike the other proposition, it would not be in danger of being discredited on the first occasion of its being seriously tried; and yet its value would be considerable. Had such a principle been recognized in 1914, Germany would have had no color of justification in taking the position that the quarrel between Austria and Serbia was an affair for them alone to settle; a position also taken by our own government in 1898, when President McKinley declined the offer of the European Powers to mediate between the United States and Spain.

It is quite in accordance with the nature of international law that it should express occasionally broad and flexible principles rather than strict rights and obligations; but not every generality that is now put forward for public consumption will serve as a basis for readjustments. I am thinking particularly of the phrase "national self-determination" or however the same idea may be worded, which without a definition of the unit of determination is meaningless, or may serve as a cloak for all manner of abuse or oppression. If it is expected that ideas of right and wrong shall be formed upon issues so confused and inextricable, it is not surprising that thinking people should be puzzled and perplexed. But even if the phrase meant something definite, and if each power were as willing to apply it within its own borders as there is a willingness to impose it upon others, still the proclamation of the principle would be a step backward, and not forward.

It is as though a programme of social peace were to be introduced by stressing the right of ownership, the counterpart of sovereign self-determination. What has been the history of the law of property and in what direction does it progress? True, the concept of ownership has been touched directly only to a slight extent; but the wealth of the rich is invested in industry; the old freedom of ownership can be exercised only over the symbols of value, while the substance of these values is subjected to an ever increasing public control and subserviency to social interests. The same is true in England of property devoted to agriculture, and will be true of property devoted to the housing of tenants. Then the free exercise of ownership will be confined to things of personal use, which everyone may hope to possess. In like manner the progress of international law must lead to an abatement of the claim to sovereign self-determination. If the term abatement suggests a nuisance, so much the better.

This is not the place to formulate specific principles that should be accepted in derogation from sovereign rights now claimed and conceded, and such principles must necessarily be the resultants of contention and compromise, but two observations of a very general character may perhaps be hazarded.

In the first place, the profound changes that must be looked forward to as the result of the war must be expected to come gradually and haltingly; here as elsewhere "nihil per saltum." Even if all nations were eager for the new order which is for instance represented by the English labor programme, it would not be easy to find at once adequate and acceptable legal formulas. If peace were to be concluded under conditions most favorable to the further development of international law, it would not do to be over-optimistic as to the immediate acceptance of entirely novel principles, or as to the readiness of the great nations to apply to themselves principles which they have in the past imposed upon inferior powers. But what might be hoped for legitimately is this: that liberal practices which have been growing up in the course of the nineteenth century in the intercourse of nations as a matter of comity or convention, might be recognized as distinctly a matter of reciprocal obligation and right.

Had all nations felt assured that the liberality of treatment frequently accorded on the basis of treaty stipulations would remain unaltered in the future, had there not been the apprehension, to a great extent justified by fact, that this liberality would give way to a growing exclusiveness, many of the things that strained international relations would not have happened. There was an unmistakable

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

movement in the direction of multiplying barriers and restoring some that seemed to have fallen permanently, and a fostering in many quarters of an aggressive and militant nationalism, in opposition to the easy and tolerant cosmopolitanism that was characteristic of the long peace period from 1815 to 1853. While no one expects that deep seated instincts and forces can be altered by conventional arrangements, every effort should be made toward the permanent securing of the reciprocal benefits of the most liberal of treaty relations.

The second observation, forced by a study of present tendencies, is this: that the strongest efforts are likely to be made in precisely the opposite direction to the one indicated as desirable. Practically every country is enacting or discussing strongly nationalistic legislation. The British empire was a factor of world peace because the British flag stood for the most liberal principles of international relations; the United States was able to weld heterogeneous elements into a nation by the attractive force of its free and tolerant institutions; is there not already agitation for legislation of a totally different type? Anti-German in spirit and purpose, this legislation will necessarily in wording and effect be anti-foreign and anti-international.

It is a narrow view of international law that ignores the municipal law of the several states that bears on immigration, naturalization, the right of aliens, and foreign trade. The opportunities which citizens of imperial states have found under their own flags, members of small states, such as the Belgians, have had to seek abroad. If such opportunities are shut off, the position of small nations will become worse, whatever their right of self-determination may be.

There ought to be a realization of these tendencies and a determined effort to counteract them. Not national self-determination, but reciprocal restraint of nations, should be the watchword of the future. With the progressive development of democracy, international obligation may be destined in time to come to take the place of those constitutional checks which at present temper the sovereign will and which are apt to decline. But irrespective of remote developments, international limitation is the need of the present time. Unfortunately the thing most needed is not always the thing most likely to come. If at the termination of this war, any nation or group of nations will be free to determine international relations upon the basis of the old law, if there will not be the strongest inducement to surrender the claims of sovereign right all around, the outlook for world peace will be dark indeed.

ERNST FREUND

Carleton Hubbell Parker

CARLETON HUBBELL PARKER died at the State University of Washington on the 17th of March. It was characteristic of him that no friends were present at his cremation, that no services were said over his ashes. Life to him was a glorious vivid experience; his zest for it was like the athlete's zest for the race. But he regarded the individual life as merely a luminous moment in the unfolding self-realization of the spirit of all life—a lamp to be turned on and off while the great current of creative energy pulsed endlessly on. Could he have known for a certainty that he had led other men to share his fresh insight, that they would carry forward the work he had begun, follow down the pioneer trail he had opened, he would have discounted death. In that faith he died, believing his vision immortal in the keeping of his friends.

He was a compound of exuberant child, impatient dogmatist, sympathetic leader, prophetic iconoclast. The impact of his highly charged personality broke down old inhibitions, released new energies, deepened and enriched men's understanding of men. He had the rare quality that enables some explorers into the hinterland of the human spirit to cut through the barriers behind which we instinctively hide our sensitive egoisms and shield our timid faith. He scolded men so that they loved him, won them by his forthright candor to responsive self-revelation. Even those of us who had known him for a short time only he had bound to himself by subtle ties of esteem and affection.

Since his death, I have tried in vain to characterize him adequately. He himself would have smiled at my effort as generous, perhaps, but of no consequence. Ramiro De Maeztu has a sentence that would have appealed to him as much more to the point. "To all those that have made the good things that exist on earth," writes Maeztu, "there once arrived an hour in which a thing took possession of them and in which they began to live for it alone—not for glory, nor for the success, but for the thing." That hour had arrived for Parker. Such a thing had taken possession of him; he had begun to live for it alone. Nothing else counted.

The thing that had taken possession of Parker was very simple, provoking wonder principally because it had so long eluded observation; but like all fresh revelations, exceedingly difficult to assimilate. For years the West, the agricultural plains, the metalliferous mountains, the forests stretching down to the sea, have been turbulent with a perplexing kind of labor unrest. Reports of conspiracies, sabotage, vigilance committees, harvest fields aflame, deportations, railroad trains ditched,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

warehouses burned—all manner of perverse and irrational terrorism and violence—have played across the western horizon like summer lightning. Senators have fulminated against the I. W. W., the Department of Justice has been diligent in rounding them up and prosecuting them, presidential commissions have sought to pacify them by setting up the machinery of conventional orderly negotiation. But the unrest continues to seethe.

Parker directed attention to the fact at the root of this disquieting mystery, the pregnant fact that ninety per cent of the migratory workers, the vagrants, the casuals, the hoboes, the hunted men who harvest the crops, muck the ores out of the mines, fell the spruce for airplane and the great Douglas firs for ship timbers, are *womanless, jobless, voteless men*, that because of the unstable industrial life to which our diseased industrialism has consigned them, they have lost the conventional relationship to women and child life, lost their voting franchise, lost the habit of common comfort and dignity, and have gradually become a caste-conscious group with fewer legal and social rights than are conventionally ascribed to Americans.

The implications of that fact are astonishing in their prophetic range. It is one of the great contributions to social psychology and the political economic sciences. The main purpose in life of man as of every animal, in the lucid language of Mercier, the only aim that counts in the scheme of nature, is the continuation of the race to which he belongs; and to this end every animal has acquired certain instinctive desires and dispositions—desires for courtship, exclusive possession, sexual union, parenthood, invention or contrivance, purposeful workmanship—all depending on and contributing to the preservation of the race. These instinctive desires and impulses constitute the irresistible drive of life. Like radium and uranium in the physical world, they represent the vital spiritual energy stored and compressed by man's millions of years upon earth. When they are balked, when they are denied normal expression, they work themselves out into all manner of perversions, into the countless forms of what we call crime, or, in indomitably healthy men, into unrest, revolt and insurrection. To punish men for such aberrations is a blind labor of Sisyphus. In one of the last statements he wrote, Parker illustrated the practical application of his perception of this fact. "No one doubts," he said, "the full propriety of the government in suppressing ruthlessly any interference of the I. W. W. with the war preparation. All patriots should just as vehemently protest against the suppression of the normal protest-activities of the I. W. W. There will be neither permanent peace nor prosperity in our country till the revolt basis of the I. W. W. is removed. And until that is done, the I. W. W. remains an unfortunate valuable symptom of a diseased industrialism."

There is the thing that possessed Parker—the perception of the destructive significance of the repressed and balked instincts of the migratory workers, the unskilled, the casuals, the hoboes, the womanless, jobless, voteless men. To him their tragedy was akin to the tragedy of child life in our commercialized cities. More often than of anything else, he used to talk to me of the fatuous blindness of a civilization that centred its economic activities in places where child life was perpetually repressed and imperilled. The last time I saw him he was flaming indignation at the ghastly record of children killed and maimed by trucks and automobiles. What business had automobiles where children should be free to play? What could be said for the human wisdom of a civilization that placed traffic above child life? In our denial to children, to millions of men and women of the means for satisfying their instinctive desires and innate dispositions, he saw the principal explanation of crime, labor unrest, the violence of strikes, the ghastly violence of war.

Parker was the first of our economists not only to analyze the psychological characteristics of labor and especially of casual labor, but also to make his analysis the basis for an applied technique of industrial and social reconstruction. Graham Wallas in England had applied the criteria of psychology to politics and very tentatively to industrial management; Thorstein Veblen in America had theorized brilliantly about the significance of instincts in business enterprise and craftsmanship; Professor Taussig of Harvard had made a first attempt to interpret the habits of inventors and money-makers in the light of instincts and inherited dispositions. Human instincts and motives had been isolated, described, compared by scores of economic-psychologists. But Parker was the first, so far as I have been able to discover, who pointed out the menacing significance of the revolt-activities of labor and who applied his understanding of the destructive consequences of repressed instincts and balked dispositions not only to politics in general, but also to the reorganization of specific industries. For he was a man of action more insistently than he was a philosopher and seer. During the months immediately preceding his death, he had participated in the adjustment of twenty-six strikes and threatened strikes. His keen perception of the psychological bases of conflict made him a master in the difficult art of conciliation. In October, he made an analysis of the increased cost of living since June, 1916, which the Shipbuilding Labor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adjustment Board of the Fleet Corporation adopted as the basis of its award in the shipyards along the Pacific Coast. He conducted or participated in nine surveys of this character, all of which were designed not to establish a minimum living wage only, but what he called a " minimum comfort wage." He realized that there can be no stability to industrial peace unless standards of wages, hours, of employment conditions generally, serve to give release and satisfaction to other instincts than the instinct for food alone.

But he will be remembered principally for his prophetic analysis of the instinct repressions of the casual laborer. This was so important and is so pertinent to certain of the problems that are vexing the country today that I must venture a quotation taken out of its appropriate setting. In a recent address before the American Economic Association, after describing the galaxy of instincts, the rich psychical dispositions that furnish man " ready-made with all his motives for conduct, all his desires, economic or wasteful, moral or depraved, crass or aesthetic," he turned to his analysis of the casual:

> If we postulate some sixteen instinct unit characters which are present under the laborer's blouse and insistently demand the same gratification that is, with painful care, planned for college students, in just what kind of perverted compensations must a laborer indulge to make endurable his existence? A Western hobo tries in a more or less frenzied way to compensate for a general all-embracing thwarting of his nature by a wonderful concentration of sublimination activities on the wander instinct. The monotony, indignity, dirt, and sexual apologies of, for instance, the unskilled worker's life bring their definite fixations, their definite irrational inferiority obsessions.
>
> The balked laborer here follows one of the two described lines of conduct: he either weakens, becomes inefficient, drifts away, loses interest in the quality of his work, drinks, deserts his family; or, he indulges in a true type inferiority compensation, and *in order to dignify himself,* to eliminate for himself his inferiority in his own eyes, he strikes or brings on a strike; he commits violence, or he stays on the job and injures machinery, or mutilates the materials. He is fit food for dynamite conspiracies. He is ready to make sabotage a part of his regular habit scheme. His condition is one of mental stress and unfocused psychic unrest, and could in all accuracy be called a definite industrial psychosis. *He is neither willful nor responsible; he is suffering from a stereotyped mental disease.*

Possessed of this deep comprehension of the tragedy of the balked and degraded existence of the vagrant, the hobo, the migratory and unskilled casual, Carleton Parker strove passionately for the emancipation of these slaves of our generation. It was from his intimate knowledge of them that he derived the thing that inspired him—the vision of a happier, saner civilization which has opened up a new world of spiritual enterprise to those who gratefully shared it with him.

ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

VERSE

Morn and Eve

No one will ever know how many morns
Have flung their crimson nets and caught me in,
Luring me with the mirth of birds and thin
Far silver winding of their hidden horns.

No one will know how many August eves
Have stopped my breathing in the hush to hear
One far off thrush making her music clear
Through the low intricate ripple of the leaves.

W. A. NORRIS

Worm

I was once as free as you,
I was once as young as you,
sand to me, a sweet pure food,
life to me, one oozy slime,
for I was as long as you,
longer far than most of you;
now I'm only two short worms—
worms you couldn't call me.

Living two lives, never one,
two small lives, each more than one,
we so twain, a twain remain,
twain of one, and one of twain,
treacherous day, a sunny day,
sunniest day that ever I knew,
a thing crawled near, cut me in two,
I that once was long like you.

ALFRED KREYMBORG

CORRESPONDENCE

From the Department of Agriculture

SIR: I have just read in your issue of April 20th the editorial entitled, The President and the Farmers, and it is hard to say whether I am more amused at your contradictions or provoked at your downright misrepresentation concerning the Department of Agriculture.

As to the first point, I submit as an interesting intellectual exercise the task of reconciling such statements as that in reference to " financial policies which have permitted unlimited speculation in land and the private loaning of money at rates of interest which merely thrust the farmer more and more deeply into debt, when indeed he can get money at all," and the affirmation in the next sentence that the farmer " is already in a fair way toward prosperity." Your editorial is a scold to the effect that nothing has been done of a constructive character, and yet you say, " Anyone who expects a radical reconstruction of agricultural production and distribution to be accomplished in a few months under war pressure does not know the situation," and you further remark, " What can the Food Administration and the Department of Agriculture do in the present crisis to bring

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about such a general rebuilding as is really necessary? Almost nothing. They can eliminate a few of the obvious leaks; they can make small beginnings at some reforms; they can apply local checks and stimulants; but in the main they are helpless." I suppose you do not regard as even "small beginnings" the establishment by this administration of the Farm Loan banking system, which has reduced the rate of interest on farm loans in the west and south, where heretofore rates were too high to encourage the acquirement and development of farm homes; the inauguration and development of a comprehensive and far-reaching market service which has greatly reduced the waste and loss in marketing farm products; the movement of cattle from the drought regions of the southwest, where they were perishing, to better feeding grounds in the Atlantic and Gulf States; the distribution of live-stock feeds in the southwest and the northwest, where feed crops had failed, by bringing the seller and the buyer into direct contact; the establishment of grain and cotton standards under which the producer receives the due price for quality and the speculator is unable to deceive; the introduction and development of cooperative undertakings in short-time operating credit, in dairy and creamery operation, elevator construction, etc.; the purchase and distribution of seeds at cost in regions where the supply was lacking, or the farmers were unable to provide their needs from the ordinary commercial sources; the purchase and distribution at cost of nitrate for fertilizer; the eradication of the cattle tick in a large part of the south; the suppression of the foot and mouth disease; the control of hog cholera, etc., not to mention the development of the County Agent system, which now extends to nearly every agricultural county in the United States, and which was the principal factor last year in a gross agricultural production aggregating something like $19,000,000 in value, and the Home Demonstration work, which last year accomplished in the farm homes the conservation of more than $10,000,000 worth of fruits and vegetables which otherwise would have gone to waste. These are but a few instances of important things that have been done; it would be a simple matter to cover dozens of pages with similar recitals.

Like many other critics, you seem to have discovered that there is an agricultural problem, on which the economists in the Department of Agriculture have been working for years, without whose work the smug city dwellers would have suffered distressing privation long before this.

You raise, as if they were new, the hoary questions, "Is the small farm possible as an efficient producing unit? How can it be made so? And if it cannot, how are the large farms to be owned and operated; how can small farms be combined?" You seem to think that farmers and farms can be shuffled about by the government as the figures on a checker board. Critics of your sort seem to have no realization of the fact that farmers are men of individual ideas and of individual rights of property and person. Why do you not raise similar questions as to whether the small store or the small factory is possible as an efficient producing unit, and whether they cannot be combined into large stores and factories for greater efficiency and economy? When it comes to "enormous maladjustments" the simplest observation would reveal the fact that they exist in as large or larger degree in commerce as in agriculture, and that they have existed since time began despite the best efforts of the wisest men, and that to a certain extent they will exist as long as human nature remains human nature.

However, your affirmation that the Department of Agriculture has been blind to these "enormous maladjustments" and is "unsympathetic with the farmer" is an utterance of either perversity or sheer ignorance. Of like kind is the observation that the Department "has by dilatory and obstructive tactics toward proposed measures for relieving the farm labor shortage, the high prices of seed and machinery, and the lack of adequate arrangements for loans, multiplied the discontent of the farmer a hundred-fold and directed it quite unnecessarily against the present administration." There can be no answer to a slander like that except to denounce it as utterly and inexcusably false. I can only surmise that you have in mind some of the many hysterical or fanciful proposals of urban dreamers concerning agricultural development. There is a flood of them coming this way all the time. Happily both Congress and the administration have had the courage so far to ignore them or patiently to turn them aside, and the great business of feeding the world goes on apace. Last year the American farmers increased their production by a billion bushels of the leading cereals, and they have planted and are now planting an acreage which this year, with normal weather, will yield a still greater volume.

Every well informed man knows that these accomplishments are due in large part to the leadership of the Department of Agriculture and the agricultural colleges in each of the forty-eight states, the State Commissioners of Agriculture, and farmers' organizations with which the Department is in active cooperation. Through its county agents the Department is in intimate touch with progressive farmers of nearly every agricultural county in the United States. The Secretary of Agriculture and the Food Administrator last month assembled for consultation an advisory committee of twenty-four prominent agricultural and live-stock producers from nearly as many states of the producing regions, and after a week of intimate study, reaching into every activity of both the Department and the Food Administration, and after making some very helpful suggestions the committee adopted resolutions which are in striking contradiction of your contentions. I am enclosing a copy of their resolutions and a memorandum showing who the men are and what they represent. I imagine that any ordinary jury would accept them as more trustworthy witnesses than those whose knowledge of agriculture seems to be derived wholly from table contact with farm products.

There is a problem of farm labor, and the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Labor are giving it their best effort, and have been instrumental in affording considerable relief. We are hopeful from reports which we are receiving from the farms that our plans will result in mobilizing sufficient man-power to save the increased crops which the farmers have planted or are now planting. The chief difficulty is that for several years cities with their industries and their bright lights and their great fortunes have attracted so many men from the farms that there is not now enough labor seeking employment to furnish the farmers with their needs at the periods of greatest strain. Therefore, we are insisting that men of farm experience in the towns and cities spare a few days of their time to help the farmers with their tasks of cultivation and harvesting, as was done in many parts of the grain belt last year. The Department cannot create labor, nor can it compel any man to work in any particular vocation. In this problem, as in others, in the future as in the past, I have no reason to doubt that the planning, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mobilizing and the laboring will be done by the same patient body of men and women who performed the task last year without complaining and without shouting from the housetops. Their labors would be much easier if men who undertake to solve such problems from editorial chairs would secure from farmers and farm leaders on the ground some first-hand knowledge of existing conditions.

I profess to have some knowledge of agricultural conditions in the United States, and since we entered this war I have sought information and suggestion from every possible source. Constructive criticism, based on real knowledge of the facts, is always welcome. I have read much helpful comment from editors, and I have seen much mistaken zeal, but in all the period of my manhood observation I think I have never seen quite so much ignorance of a great economic problem as is exhibited in the editorial in your issue of April 20th. The saving quality of it is that its errors are so gross that any man of the most primary economic intelligence will recognize its absurdity.

CLARENCE OUSLEY,
Assistant Secretary.
Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

[NOTE. We cannot reply to Mr. Ousley without first summarising the article which disturbed him. It began with the statement that the strength of the movement in Congress for $2.50 wheat, in opposition to the policy of the administration, gave evidence of the widespread discontent existing among the farmers. This discontent is likely to be capitalized by the Republicans, and therefore liberal supporters of the administration should find some fundamental understanding of the farmers' troubles. These troubles are due primarily to profound economic maladjustments which cannot be removed by either the Food Administration or the Department of Agriculture, in a few months of war. They include the fact that forty per cent of American farmers are tenants, that land in the hands of absentee owners assumes a false speculative value, that farmers without real estate have no adequate opportunity to borrow money in spite of the Farm Loan Banks, that low wages and the migratory labor system have brought about labor scarcity and fostered the I. W. W., that the farmer is not well organized for cooperation in the distribution of his products or in the purchase of his materials. The action which it is necessary to take during war not only cannot remove these maladjustments, but in many cases cannot move in the direction of reconstruction. Certain alleviatory measures can be undertaken by the government, however, such as emergency financial aid, the supplying of seed, and the control of the prices of farm machinery. Towards the farmers' discontent in general the Department of Agriculture has been apathetic, and it has been slow to adopt even the alleviative measures. This attitude can and should be altered, but that is not enough. The President should also appoint a scientific commission to study the agricultural situation, unhampered by what is being done now, and this committee should work out a programme for reconstruction after the war.

It will be seen that the editorial was not a "scold," and that it censured the Department of Agriculture only incidentally. It is far from our present purpose to enter a general indictment against the Department, but we are prepared, in answer to Mr. Ousley's somewhat heated rejoinder, to defend the criticisms we made.

Even under the Federal Farm Loan system the farmer cannot borrow money except on security so good that if he has it he is already in "a fair way towards prosperity." The forty per cent of tenant farmers are almost unaffected by this system. As far as the system reaches it does excellent work and is ably administered, but the credit for that does not belong with the Department of Agriculture, but with the Federal Farm Loan Board.

As to the alleviative measures for which credit is claimed by Mr. Ousley, his letter is likely to mislead the uninformed. The movement of cattle from the drought regions of the southwest and the distribution of feeds was the work of the Food Administration, not of the Department. What fostering of cooperative organizations has been in evidence is also due rather to Mr. Hoover's activity than to that of the Department. For the purchase and distribution of seeds the Department had a wholly inadequate fund, and the seeds could be sold only for cash, so that the many farmers who needed this service most could not use it. When measures came before Congress to increase the fund and to extend the help on credit, Mr. Houston testified before the House Committee on Agriculture that the seed shortage was not acute, and he opposed a change. Later he altered his testimony somewhat, but by that time the planting season was so far gone that the legislation was ineffective. Credit for urging it belongs to Representative Baer, of North Dakota, a member of the Nonpartisan League. The Department's promises of nitrate distribution also furnish an unfortunate example, for the nitrate is not forthcoming, and thousands of farmers who relied solely on the government for it are now disappointed. For the educational activities of the Department, developed in time of peace, we have only praise. But they hardly can be called emergency measures.

Meanwhile the prices of farm machinery are uncontrolled, and we are unaware that Mr. Houston has ever adopted a sympathetic attitude towards the many and persistent requests for action in this regard. And until recently almost no action was taken to relieve the labor shortage. Months ago farmers' organizations met and petitioned the Provost Marshal-General and the President, but Mr. Houston at the beginning contended that the shortage was not serious, and was one of the last men in the country to admit it. Plan after plan to mobilize farm labor was submitted to the Department by interested organizations and bodies in the government, but the memoranda commonly lay there on desks for weeks without action. If one wishes to learn of Mr. Houston's apathetic attitude towards proposals for emergency loans, one has only to consult any of the gentlemen from Texas who came to Washington in behalf of relief for the tenant farmers in the drought districts.

It is perhaps needless to add that our information has come from those who have a first-hand knowledge of conditions, rather than from men sitting behind desks.

Mr. Ousley's bristling at our suggestions is an excellent indication of the reasons why the Department of Agriculture has become unpopular among members of the Federal Board of Farm Organizations and other farmers, both organized and unorganized, throughout the country. To our minds it reinforces the plea that the Department should be more alive to the true situation and more energetic in undertaking what stimulative measures are possible. At the same time it does not in the least invalidate the main argument of our editorial: that the fundamental readjustments necessary can be planned only according to a broad programme of reconstruction, and that the programme should be prepared by a competent scientific commission which has no responsibility for what has been done or will be done during the war.—THE EDITORS.]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the Capitol

The Dollar-a-Year Man

IN the files at the White House there is a letter from one of those men known to Washington as a "dollar-a-year man." It reads in part as follows:

> "There is a time when stock needs to be taken by every man in service, to determine the moment when he becomes a liability, and not an asset. The moment this occurs — and it must occur in war conditions to every man in an important administrative post — then he should efface himself. My one anxiety, therefore, is only to determine this moment."

It is now about a year since the first influx of "dollar-a-year men" to Washington began. It may be of interest to review what the editorials of May and June, 1917, heralded as the "Descent on Washington of the Kings of Finance and the Captains of Enterprise at the call of the trumpet." Many glowing columns were written about the "new Business Administration," which was to leave its beneficent mark upon us after we were awakened from the nightmare of war. Familiar names in business circles were daily added to the list of various Advisory Boards and co-ordinating committees which sprang up over night in that great and carefully mapped and charted organization — the Council of National Defense.

It was, of course, quite out of the question to pay these men salaries commensurate with their commercial earnings. This seemed to be taken for granted by the men themselves, although Great Britain, who has sent her merchant princes abroad to represent her interests in matters dealing with her meat, sugar, or her cereal supply, has apparently felt no compunction in providing them with amounts sufficient in most instances to take their minds off their deserted businesses.

For the reason, however, that it was incompatible with established laws to accept the services of our own volunteers for nothing, it was arranged to fix the remuneration at a purely nominal sum, usually a dollar a year, an exception existing in the Food and Fuel Administrations operating under a bill which authorizes the President "to accept the services of any person without compensation."

A year now having passed, we recall the enthusiasm of those spring days of 1917, when bureaucracy was besieged and was about to capitulate to the generals of big business, and we wonder just what has become of them. They have vanished almost as completely as the hosts of Sennacherib. It is true a few large figures remain, but what about the Council of National Defense, that massive organization, with its ramifications into the States? Willard, Coffin, Rosenwald and Scott — good and big men, all of them — have been washed high by the tidal wave of our first year of war, and now lie stranded in the shallows of comparative inactivity.

It is true that the Council of National Defense still holds its weekly meetings, but they are sparsely attended and of forced importance. Very different, indeed, from the momentous conclaves of last June and July, which, attended by most of the Cabinet and heralded to the country by the press, were the pulse of the nation itself. The extensive building erected to house the Council now shelters the purchasing commissions of one or two of the Allied countries, and provides offices for the rapidly expanding War Trade and War Industry Boards, while the shrunken frame of our first war organization as it becomes more and more withered releases office after office in the insistent draft for space made by the new and lusty war activities.

The "dollar-a-year men" have themselves gone through the selective draft, and while, as in the military draft, there have been some mistakes and injustices, the whole result has been a remarkable sifting of these men for their abilities.

The admirable spirit expressed by one of them in the letter quoted above seems to have animated all of these men. Without the political defeat, which would have been necessary in England to unseat a cabinet, the entire Willard ministry has stepped quietly down and the administrative reins may now be seen in the hands of that little group which meets unostentatiously with the President each Wednesday afternoon — Hurley, Hoover, McCormick, Baruch, Garfield and McAdoo, all of them "dollar-a-year men," except the Secretary of the Treasury, and on second thought he sits among them rather in his character as a Director General of Railroads, and thus a volunteer, than in his Cabinet capacity.

Patriots of both Houses, but particularly in the Senate, and more particularly the Senator from Missouri, have most unmercifully flayed the "dollar-a-year man." He has been accused of "sitting in swivel chairs and fixing up jobs on the American people" — of everything, in fact, from complete graft to "bidding up the rents in Washington" — excepting only homicide, which, however, in the case of some of their traducers, many a Southern jury would consider "justifiable."

They are holding on in the midst of all this at the risk of their reputation, knowing that one lone mistake, which, made in the course of ordinary business, would never be noticed — if made now would blot their names forever — knowing that in many cases their own business affairs are suffering cumulative ruin in their absence — knowing that "the moment must come when they must efface themselves" — and knowing, too, that the scarcest commodity after this war is going to be gratitude, and that the adulation of their own satisfied consciences is all that they will ever receive.

There are dozens of men, too, in similar posts, who do not even have the small satisfaction of notoriety. The fact that the president of the Grain Corporation is a "dollar-a-year man," that many of his assistants are likewise — that there is even such a thing as a Grain Corporation — is little known outside of the grain trade and the various governmental agencies that deal with it — yet they supply all of freedom with its bread.

History will never be in a position to chronicle, because these last four years have glutted it with centuries of material, all the heroic deeds at the front, or all the sacrifices behind the lines; and while our dreams may never become more tangible than dreams, and the "Business Administration" still be a goal for the aspiration of future generations, the foundation has been laid and the material proved to be available in the existence in our national fabric of the qualities which are personified these days in the "dollar-a-year man."

L. S.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

FRIDAY, Saturday, Sunday — many persons have been to house parties just like this, I dare say, yet to me the experience was new. The week-end began, to be sure, as if it would turn out quite the usual thing — a late train, a long drive beside a patient chauffeur, luncheon over when we got to the house. Not until I had washed and eaten and was within two yards of the living room did I notice anything queer. "Look," I heard somebody say, in a loud voice, "Look, he comes!" Once inside the door I noticed that everybody was facing my way, as if the arrival of a belated guest were somehow worth italics. To me, who find it difficult to look as if nobody were looking at me even when nobody is, such an entrance was embarrassing. However, it was soon over.

What wasn't soon over, what on the contrary lasted all the rest of the day, was the tendency of hostess, host and pretty much every guest to speak in blank verse. When somebody left half a line at the end of speech the next talker filled up the empty space before going on to turn out a few completed lines of his own. Sometimes A, B and C would say each a word or two, and the sum total was one iambic pentameter. A departing guest often let fall a rhymed couplet. At one time our host, standing still in conspicuous isolation, told all within earshot exactly what he really thought of his wife. He seemed to be addressing nobody, and nobody seemed to hear, though possibly it may have been a desire to escape an awkwardness which caused one of the guests, a few lines afterward, to strike up a song. Later, when dressing for dinner, I was a little surprised to find myself talking to myself, out loud, and in blank verse.

Such a Friday may have made me morbidly vigilant. Perhaps. Anyhow, Saturday was not very old before I discovered that I was watching the wrong hole. No one spoke a line of verse. No one burst into song. Yet in its way Saturday was as unusual as Friday. Whenever we talked about anybody, he or she was sure to come in. This happened not once or twice, but without exception, and some good reason for their coming was always given. In like manner, no one left the room without something being said or done that accounted for his going. A maid brought in a letter which our hostess, declining to read it, set against the clock on the mantelpiece, where it stared and waited. "I'm no ordinary letter," it seemed to say. "Destiny is inside me. Read me now and x will be your fate. Read me later and your fate will be y." Other strange things did our hostess do. One of the guests, a man, handed her a key. She walked slowly across the room with it, while we looked on as still as shame, and dropped it with a sharp click into a vase on the mantelpiece. By the sound and by her appearance I knew, as plain as if somebody had told me, that when that key came out again, and unlocked a door, a secret would explode and hurt somebody. It was a little strange, too, I couldn't help thinking, that whenever anybody said anything you remembered that he or she had already dropped half a hint of it. Early in the day everything spoken or done pointed ahead. Later in the day everything looked before and after. With all these odd ways I felt gently, yet irresistibly compelled to fall in. And I behaved as if I were trying to hide the extent to which a will not mine had me under control. We all tried. None of us succeeded very well.

Set me down as a liar, if you like — fortunately I am grown too accustomed to such misunderstandings to resent them — but hear me when I say that on Sunday, most of the guests being gone and only six or eight of us remaining, the household did not go back to normal. We were not what we had been on Saturday, we made no set speeches, I really can't say where our talk differed from our normal talk — it was simple enough — except that it was more like us than our talk usually is. I couldn't help feeling that every remark meant a lot, and that if it had come a few minutes earlier or later it would have meant less, or something different. Besides, though none of us seemed to be trying to explain, we did contrive, by dropping, one a hook and another an eye, to give a pretty thorough account of what our relations had been, and with each added bit of revelation our present relations underwent a change. I don't quite know how to put it, but we all seemed, as unintentionally and as inadvertently as you please, to be opening a bag and letting out a large fierce gray past. Every now and then, not very often, one of our leaders would repeat some words that sounded like a refrain — something about the miracle, or the younger generation knocking at the door, or your gold and green forests, or up to the peaks and the great waste places. Queer enough, as I look back upon it, but I give you my word that at the time these refrains sounded like the most natural spectres in the world. Although we were really all obeying the will of somebody who wasn't present, quite as faithfully as we had been the day before, we didn't in the least seem to do this. Although we were all weaving exactly the pattern this absent will had set for us, each of us appeared free to be quintessentially and rather terribly himself. This air of freedom characterized even the men and women whose business it was to light up by a close contrast the main stream of events, to intimate whither this main stream might have flowed, if only . . . !

O Life, I said, when I had got back to town and had given over trying to discover what these three days were about, O Life, I said, for when alone I sometimes treat myself to a vocative or two; O Life, how grateful to you am I. In the old days, the blurred days before the war, you brought me neither great joys, great sorrows, nor freedom from paltry cares. You were neutral, passable, endurable, drab, filled with an iteration slightly damnable. But I thank you for being so undesigned, so unconcerted, alike in your monotony and in the surprises which break it. Your purpose is that men should receive you, keep you, give you to others and lose you. Let not my eyes discern any of your further purposes, if by chance you have so much as one other.

Natural though the above outburst was, I am not sure it was justified. For could anyone convict that blank-verse Friday of being overdesigned? Saturday and Sunday did, indeed, strive so hard to imitate, each after its own fashion, the appearance of life, that every departure from imitativeness, every forward pointing touch, every token of design, looked shamelessly distinct and unlifelike. But Friday was innocent of effort to catch the appearance, the surface, the everydayness of life. Its conventions were so generous, what it asked one to take for granted was so monstrous, that one granted every demand without a qualm, and in the large air of the day, ignoring all sorts of things easily, one attended only to the energy, the music, the truth which the many conventions released and left free.

P. L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mysticism and Logic

Mysticism and Logic, by Bertrand Russell, M.A., F.R.S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

OF all present-day writers on philosophical subjects no one has so singular a fascination for the most diverse minds as Mr. Bertrand Russell. There is a challenging quality about all his writing which provokes you to define your attitude towards it. Nor is the secret of this fascination far to seek. Some few, indeed, are attracted only by the intellectual gymnastics of which Mr. Russell is a past master. They want nothing but to share with him the joys of Logical Atomism. They thrill to his dazzling performances in the gentle game of symbolic logic in which ordinary language is discarded and a lot of strange symbols are manipulated according to certain highly technical rules. But the majority of readers are attracted to Mr. Russell by the eloquent sincerity with which he advocates a certain attitude towards life, a certain scheme of values and ideals — an answer, in short, to the old question, What ought intelligent men to live by, or to live for? It is the mystic in the logician who appeals.

In this volume Mr. Russell explains and defends his faith from different points of view in the first six essays. Two of these six are reprints, from a former volume, of the famous essays on The Free Man's Worship and on The Study of Mathematics. Three deal with the relation of logic, or mathematics, to philosophy, and with the general problem of scientific method and philosophy. Among them is the splendid essay on Mysticism and Logic, which gives its title to the volume. The sixth essay is a wise and timely advocacy of the claims of science to be incorporated in "liberal" education as an indispensable element of "culture." The remaining four essays in the volume are reprints from learned periodicals of papers dealing with technical subjects, such as The Ultimate Constituents of Matter and The Relation of Sense-Data to Physics. These will appeal to the expert rather than to the general reader.

Mr. Russell does not merely preach his faith, he lives it. It is no mere formula. It is a quality of his whole personality. It manifests itself as a transparent intellectual honesty, a single-minded devotion to the pursuit of truth, a readiness to sacrifice human desires and emotions and the bias of practical interests to the one end of seeing things as they really are. To the austere intellectual integrity of this temper of mind it is impossible to deny a tribute of respect and admiration. Yet it is beset by tragic weaknesses. It makes Mr. Russell intolerant of other men's views when they seem to him deficient in logic, or too ready in the game of dialectics to load the dice with human wishes.

The keynote of Mr. Russell's philosophy of life is the need of the union of the scientific and the mystical impulses in man. Such a union is "the highest eminence that it is possible to achieve in the world of thought." It is the crown of philosophic endeavor. It is only, however, on condition of the scientific impulse being satisfied first, that mystic feeling can be allowed free play. There are two characteristics of the scientific attitude. First, it is severely logical, cares only for submission to the objectivity of fact. Secondly, it is dispassionate and impartial. It refrains from judging facts as good or bad by reference to our wishes; it is "ethically neutral." Again, it ignores practical interests. Hence the difference between past and future, so important for forward-looking action, is to the disinterested gaze of science irrelevant. Every future will some day be past, hence, as Spinoza says, "In so far as the mind conceives a thing according to the dictates of reason, it will be equally affected whether the idea is that of a future, past, or present thing." Here, then, is the open secret of our existence. "A life devoted to science is a happy life, and its happiness is derived from the very best sources that are open to dwellers on this troubled and passionate planet."

Though Mr. Russell does not in so many words deny happiness to other modes of life, yet he writes in the temper of one who can find happiness nowhere else. Where else can we achieve an "impersonal cosmic outlook"? Where else "sweep away all other desires in the desire to know"? Where else lay aside, in "reverence towards fact," all hopes and fears, all desires and passions, all petty cares? Where else school ourselves to "accept the world without the tyrannous imposition of our human and temporary demands"? Knowledge for Mr. Russell is the avenue to emancipation of spirit, to self-surrender, to peace; yes, even to universal love and joy. It is his way of dying to live. On the crest of this wave of cosmic emotion, he is swept into mysticism. Whatever the mystic has a right to ask, that the scientific attitude towards the world yields him in abundance. Such is the thesis of the essay on Mysticism and Logic. Only it must be a mysticism which is content to remain a mere "attitude towards life," and does not attempt to become a "creed about the world." As a feeling it is right. As a doctrine, as a belief in the unity, goodness and perfection of the world it is wrong. The task, then, is to attach the feeling, "the inspirer of whatever is best in man," to the scientific outlook; to show that this outlook satisfies all that the feeling demands. "The possibility of universal love and joy in all that exists is of supreme importance for the conduct and happiness of life . . . An impartial contemplation, freed from all preoccupation with Self, will not judge things good or bad, although it is very easily combined with that feeling of universal love which leads the mystic to say that the whole world is good."

Is this scientific mysticism of Mr. Russell's really intelligible? Is ethical neutrality compatible with universal love? Can we feel joy in "all that exists," after, in the name of science, we have agreed that nothing which exists is to be called good? What is it that Mr. Russell proposes to love in this universe which he has first made unlovely and unlovable? Surely, we are here not far from the mood which made Mr. Bradley say, "Where all is bad, it is good to know the worst." What Mr. Russell really loves and enjoys is, not the universe, but the self-surrender of the scientific attitude. But is this not, after all, the most subtly insidious form of self-love?

Indeed, the instability and self-contradiction of Mr. Russell's attitude go deeper still. It is, perhaps, a small thing that he begins by offering to the philosopher "citizenship of the universe," and ends by denying that "there is such a thing as the universe." More serious and more fatal are the fluctuations which Mr. Russell's scientific concept of the world undergoes. Throughout the early essays it is always the actual world, the things which exist around us and which we perceive by our senses, towards which Mr. Russell's attitude is directed. In The Free Man's Worship this world is apostrophized as "omnipotent matter, blind to good and evil, reckless of human life and human ideals." The attitude there recommended as alone worthy of a "free" man is so far from universal love as to be rather one of grim, stoic endurance, of heroic despair. Love there can flourish only between human beings, "fellow-sufferers in the same darkness, fellow-actors in the same tragedy." Mathematics, in another essay, is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eloquently praised for the escape which it offers "from the dreary exile of the actual world." At first, then, for a philosopher to be scientific means to accept the theories of physical science about the "actual." But in the later essays there is a significant change. There to be scientific means to turn one's back on the actual and soar with the mathematician and the symbolic logician into the ethereal realm of the merely possible and the wholly general. *"Philosophy is the science of the possible,"* we are told in emphatic italics — not the practically possible, that is, but the theoretically possible, i. e., the most general, the most abstract, the most remote from human wishes and desires, and from the temptation to affix the labels "good" and "bad." It is identical with logic which "provides an inventory of possibilities, a repertory of abstractly tenable hypotheses." It is identical with Mathematics which is defined, not merely in jest, as "the subject in which we never know what we are talking about, nor whether what we are saying is true." And still the mystic is to thrill with love and joy! And still he is to acclaim the homeland of his spirit!

Such are the strange fortunes of Mr. Russell's quest for the reconciliation of the mystical and scientific impulses in man, for an attitude towards the world as a whole which shall satisfy the understanding and bring peace to man's troubled heart. Has success rewarded his efforts? Or is not the plain moral rather this, that in straining away from the actual, because it is too opaque and chaotic for his logic. Mr. Russell has made any genuine solution of his problem impossible? In thus simplifying it, he has emptied it of all that gave it poignancy and sting. His ethical neutrality ends by ignoring everything in the world which challenges an ethical attitude. The logical abstractions with which he bids his ideal philosopher keep company, are but the bloodless shadows of the actual, and the emotions they inspire are thin and bloodless, too. Not thus do we read the riddle of existence. Not thus do we win through to the peace that passes all understanding.

All our beliefs, so Mr. Russell holds, are at bottom instinctive, for every instinct embodies itself in a system of beliefs which define the conditions of its satisfaction. Reason is but a further instinct which seeks to harmonize all other instincts, which will not tolerate any contradiction between their respective beliefs. The most harmonious organization of beliefs is truth, and it, at the same time, ends the distraction and conflict within the human soul. There are many ways of achieving this harmony even in philosophy, and Mr. Russell's, so far as it does succeed, is but one and not the only one. Moreover, it fails in the last resort, because of the sharp antithesis which Mr. Russell insists on making betwen the non-human world and the human. He jettisons the evidence which human life, even with its desires and ideals, supplies for all who are willing to admit that man, being a part and a product of the world, is one of the fruits by which it may fairly be judged. He divorces human feelings and values from the study of facts, and then demands that the contemplation of the facts shall still satisfy our feelings. And in order to make them do so, he progressively makes his facts more and more abstract and empties them, in the end, of all the significance which, for good or ill, belongs only to the concrete and actual. Similarly, his ethical and political theories hang in the air. They lack a metaphysical basis. Hence, though the pole remains fixed toward which the needle of his spirit ever seeks to swing, yet the twists and turns of his thought as often oscillate away again. Truly, varium et mutabile semper — Mr. Russell.

R. F. A. H.

Newman's Background

Correspondence of J. H. Newman, 1839-1845. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.00.

THE editors of this volume have done a useful service in printing for us a further selection of Newman's letters. The work, indeed, has not been done over-judiciously, though it has been done with loving care. There is much in the letters that hardly merited publication though it is probably better to have too much than too little. The material is now rapidly accumulating upon which a judgment of the Oxford Movement, and of Newman's part therein, may be adequately based. The character of the Cardinal becomes the clearer upon reflection simply because new recollections, old letters, new tendencies derived from his teaching all serve to throw into more striking relief the broad truth of the matchless Apologia. Newman the Anglican is now a tolerably obvious figure. Of Newman the Roman Catholic judgment is hardly yet to be made. The results of the mediating position he occupied between the thoroughgoing liberalism of Acton and the uncompromising autocracy of Manning cannot with any certainty be pronounced. Vaticanism has not completed the first half century of its existence; and if Dollinger and Tyrrell and Loisy are the tragic fruits of its policy its conflict with the modernist tradition is hardly complete. It is not until that battle has been fought that the real significance of Newman can be fully understood.

But the fascination of his earlier life only grows deeper with the passage of time. He is acknowledged to be among the masters of English prose, and so stern an agnostic as Lord Morley has derived comfort from his sermons. No one can read his Apologia without loving the man. It takes its place on the shelf with the Confessions of Augustine and there are perhaps two other books alone which can claim equality with them. He was, in these years at least, a generous friend, an uncompromising opponent, an honest, if misty thinker. Few men in the history of Oxford have wielded the influence he exerted. Froude, Gladstone, Keble, Manning, Pusey—it is indeed a remarkable company of the talents. It was for him Mark Pattison asked upon his death-bed. It was to him that half of five generations of Oxford students turned as the guiding star in faith and purpose. Few things of the last century are more dramatic than the warning of Francis Newman, himself no mean intelligence, against the dangerous courses of his more gifted brother. Twice at least in his history the eyes of England were upon him; twice at least in his history the policy he pursued changed the whole character of the English state. Mr. Gladstone remarked that the Church of England would never know what she had lost in his secession; certainly it may be doubted if the Church of Rome realized in full measure what she had gained. He stands out as the author of an ecclesiastical reformation, the eddies of which have not yet ceased to influence.

He was not a learned man. The science of theology which German labor was then bringing to the birth passed over his head unknown. He was not, in a metaphysical sense, even a clear-thinking man. He was capable of petrifying hesitations. He could be convinced, as by Wiseman in the famous Donatist articles, by illogic and misunderstanding. But he had hold of one vital truth, and in the emphasis he gave it, he turned the current of his age into new and fruitful directions.

He found a church which had been reduced to a mere

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

branch of the state. In Ireland alien and ungenerous, in England it was selfish and nepotic. The evangelical movement had improved its morals without raising its standards; it had generated warmth without light. Its doctrines were at the mercy of the King in Parliament. Its organization, except by courtesy, had ceased to function. It was no longer, except by the merest fiction, a national church. It was only by hated privileges that it supported itself against sectarian competition, and men like Bentham could speculate upon its dissolution, while the elder Mill imaginatively distributed its revenues to a system of mechanics' institutes. Nor was this all. It was still very largely the church of a class. Most of its bishoprics were filled by the connections of the aristocracy, to which it supplied a kind of gilded poor relief. It was seriously degraded by its opposition to every reform, and its supine acceptance of all authority. So little did it cherish its own integrity that when, in 1833, the Whig ministry abolished ten of its Irish bishoprics no murmur came save from the cloistered pulpit of a college church in Oxford.

Newman has told us in a famous passage how the news came to him in Italy of that Act. It filled his heart with anger "against the liberals." It was as a spark that lit in him the flame of divine utterance. He saw in a vision the Church of England as a beleaguered city, and it was his task to devote his life to her freedom. So long as she was the slave of the state she could be a church in name alone. So long as the Establishment involved her subjection to Act of Parliament, her own ethos would be unmeaning. Five days before his arrival in England, Keble had preached his great sermon on the "National Apostasy." It was in the real sense a call to arms. Every disintegrating element of social life was, in his view, combining to tear asunder the sacred fabric of the church. Like-minded men joined with them to assert the claim of the church to liberty. Her faith, her life, her person, her property must be her own. She could not, save on her own terms, be partnered with a state that too loudly proclaimed its supremacy. She had made an alliance; she had not contracted herself to slavery. An alien body like the Privy Council could not of right judge creeds, interpret dogma, establish ritual, which had been divinely ordained. A body of which Christ was the founder could not accept Lord Melbourne as its governor. A body of which the possessions had come from centuries of men eager to purchase salvation at the expense of their property, could not watch their confiscation at the bidding of radical economists like Joseph Hume or aristocratic revolutionists like Hobhouse. It was upon her own terms that the state must accept her alliance. Otherwise the connection was an evil thing.

Such is the background of the Oxford Movement and its definition is, in the main, Newman's work. He was in every sphere indefatigable. The "tracts for the times" dropped, almost miraculously, from his pen. The four o'clock sermons at St. Mary's held spell-bound audiences that crowded the very paths outside the door to catch the faint intonation of his voice and the half-stilled sigh of breathless satisfaction as he ascended the steps of his pulpit. Every common-room in Oxford had material upon which its dullest members could be interesting. A new world was to be made. The state was to recognize its inability to do more than accept ecclesiastical decision. Protests were made against every invasion, real or seeming, of the church's personality. War was made on every minimizer of her powers. The body of the clergy was to assert its ancient prerogatives. The voice of Convocation, too long silent, was again to be raised. The party was to be taught its place. Dogma was to be re-defined in the purity of the ages before the crown had stained it by re-statement in Acts of Parliament. There was to be a revival of learning. "Back to the fathers" was to be the motto over the library of every village rectory; and from the country clergyman, the poor Theobald of Butler's vision, the great scholar was to be made. Oxford was to be purged of its taint of evangelicalism. The great days of the seventeenth century when Laud had dictated to the proudest of English Kings, and James had admitted the dependence of his crown upon the bishop's mitre were to be restored. The Reformation, "that blight upon our upas-tree," as Hurrell Froude called it, was to be hurled into an ignominious oblivion. It had substituted royal will for God's purpose and was therefore tainted at its source.

It is difficult to do justice to the enthusiasm engendered by the movement. Certainly it heralded a revival of scholarship. Certainly it drew the church of England from a slough of nepotic despondency. But it hopelessly miscalculated the forces of opposition. He did not rightly gauge the English tradition of antagonism to Rome. He did not realize that to praise Roman custom was for the uninitiate to suggest an entrance into dangerous paths. It attracted to itself men of hot temper and indiscreet clarity of purpose who spoke without the economy of words that statesmanship demands. The evangelical movement had gone deep into English life. It had close connection with the moderate liberalism personified by men like Melbourne and Lord John Russell. The Oxford theories came at a time when reform was in the air and had secured significant popularity. Ecclesiastical liberalism had leaders like Hampden, who were no whit behind Newman and his confederates in pungency and learning. Collegiate authority no less than governmental authority was largely on its side. The great church dignitaries could hardly turn elsewhere than in the direction given by politics to the court; and the bishops of the day were hardly the men to seize the import of the revolution. Little by little the forces of opposition were aroused. The natural inertia of ecclesiastical indifference worked largely to the same end. The country clergy would have had to learn anew their theology, and the patrons of their livings shrank from the stigma so openly cast upon the origin of their advowsons.

It is probable that his opponents as greatly underrated the passion of the Newmanites as the latter underrated the power of evangelicalism. Certainly by 1840 it was clear that a total victory was impossible, and when, in 1843, Newman withdrew to Littlemore, the only outstanding question was the extent of his defeat. But new problems had arisen. The spectre of Rome confronted him for five years before that time; and, as he approached her, he grew to understand that she was in truth no spectre but the lady of his dreams. A church which had not the courage to insist upon its independence, that cooperated in the destruction of its own ethos, could not be the one, true church. A search into early history convinced him that Anglicanism was in the situation of the Donatists. The Anglican church was a schismatic church and she must go, penitent, to the mother from whom she is parted. No mental striving has been more exquisitely depicted than Newman's account of his effort to find truth. He realized the responsibility of his position. There were literally hundreds of men and women, young and old, whose lives would be altered by his decision. Prayer and thought and reading — what comfort these could give they gave. We see now, indeed, how narrow was the induction upon which his thought was based. The real problems of textual criticism, the true

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perspective of early ecclesiastical history, he never in any real sense grasped. The relation of Rome to other apostolic churches was a riddle of which he did not even seize the existence. The accidental character of the Roman papacy was never seen even by him who had followed with close attention the career of Lamennais in France. His secession to Rome is unquestionably sincere, and, on the balance of events, it brought him happiness. But it was a secession of a mind clouded by passionate emotions, of a mind, too, untrained in dealing with historical evidence. There are few tragedies more vivid than the last months of Newman's struggle. Men of vast ability — Manning, Pusey, Keble, Gladstone — offered him their counsel. All they could contribute he carefully weighed. Yet from them, too, as from him, the central factors of the problem throughout remained unknown. He went back into the old world at a time when Baur had begun to redress the balance that was wanting.

Yet Newman had accomplished a mighty work; and, when the last criticism of him has been made, he remains one of the vital figures of the nineteenth century. He is the first great Englishman of his time to seize the significance of corporate personality. He realized that the life of the church is a real life, not granted of state charity, but self-derived and living to its own purposes. He perhaps too greatly emphasized the dependence of that life upon the terms of its original institution. The conception of a dogma capable of development came to him only later, and then not in full measure. But he defended with high eloquence a conception of social organization which is fundamental to liberty. He gave to it all he had, and he had much to give. He made for it a sacrifice of which we can only dimly conceive the magnitude. He paid for his courage by twenty years of loneliness and humiliation. If, in the end, there came to him the triumphant knowledge of a generous vindication, it came too late for him to do more than signalize its advent. The early years of his intellectual exile have cast over the whole an enigmatic quality that evades the subtlest penetration. "Secretum meum mihi" he had written in 1864; and it is still, in large part, his own. But the enigma in no wise conceals a fascination that commands affection. The historian of the nineteenth century will trace back to Newman certain great strands of thought that are vitally involved in the movement of freedom. He will recognize that, in the end, few men were more eager for the cause of righteousness. He will show that vicious as his system often was, ungenerous as his dogmas could be, failing as he did to see the patent problems of his time, he was yet, even if unconsciously, the direct minister to liberty. In that event the tragedy of Oxford will not have been in vain.

H. J. L.

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELRY SILVERWARE CLOCKS
WATCHES CHINA STATIONERY

FIFTH AVENUE AND 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Mr. Howells on Miss Austen

Pride and Prejudice, by Jane Austen, with an Introduction by William Dean Howells. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.

MR. HOWELLS'S introduction to Pride and Prejudice, which the Messrs. Scribner have just added to their Modern Student's Library, is the happiest expression of a long affection. For almost thirty years now he has read the novel every two or three years, finding it always as fresh as it was the first time, delighted anew by each contact with Miss Austen's "subtle and beautiful and ever adequate art." Yet his affection is not more evident when he praises than when he finds Miss Austen falling short of perfection, when he says, for example of Darcy, reformed and chastened and beneficent, that "the author makes him the scapegoat of the situation; she accumulates on him not the sins but the virtues of his tribe."

Seeing with his own eyes, as his habit is, Mr. Howells does not see Miss Austen quite as she now appears to most of us. He finds in her irony "a sort of protesting pity;" he says it "broke into satire, into bitter sarcasm, toward the cruel and hopeless fools of her story," while her feeling toward her other fools, the kindly, was one of "tender amusement at their absurdity." He is not, to be sure, alone in such opinions. Has not Mr. Warre Cornish, in his book on Miss Austen in the English Men of Letters, spoken of her "half-pitying, half-amused perception of the purblind judgments, sordid views and mean actions of the generality?" But most of us, I suppose, do not now think of her as pitying or even half-pitying. Mr. Howells himself helps us to describe our different impression. By stealing his words we can say that Miss Austen's irony lies somewhere between pity and pitilessness, between bitterness and tenderness, that her ability to keep the peculiar tone which such an irony gives her novels, and to keep it also free from every kind of monotony, is one of the marvels of her art. To many of us Lady Ritchie has described not only Miss Austen's heroines, but their creator: "Her heroines have a stamp of their own. They have a certain gentle self-respect and humor and hardness of heart." A certain gentle hardness of heart is more characteristic of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Russian Wolfhound *Identifies Borzoi Books*

Of special and timely interest to readers of the New Republic

INDIA AND THE FUTURE

By William Archer

Author of "God and Mr. Wells," etc.

This book is the result of a comprehensive survey of Indian conditions. Setting out with an unprejudiced mind, the author gradually formed a very strong opinion that the relations between Great Britain and India must end in a self-governing India, capable of taking her place on terms of equality among the great nations of the earth. At the same time he is fully conscious that British rule cannot soon be dispensed with.

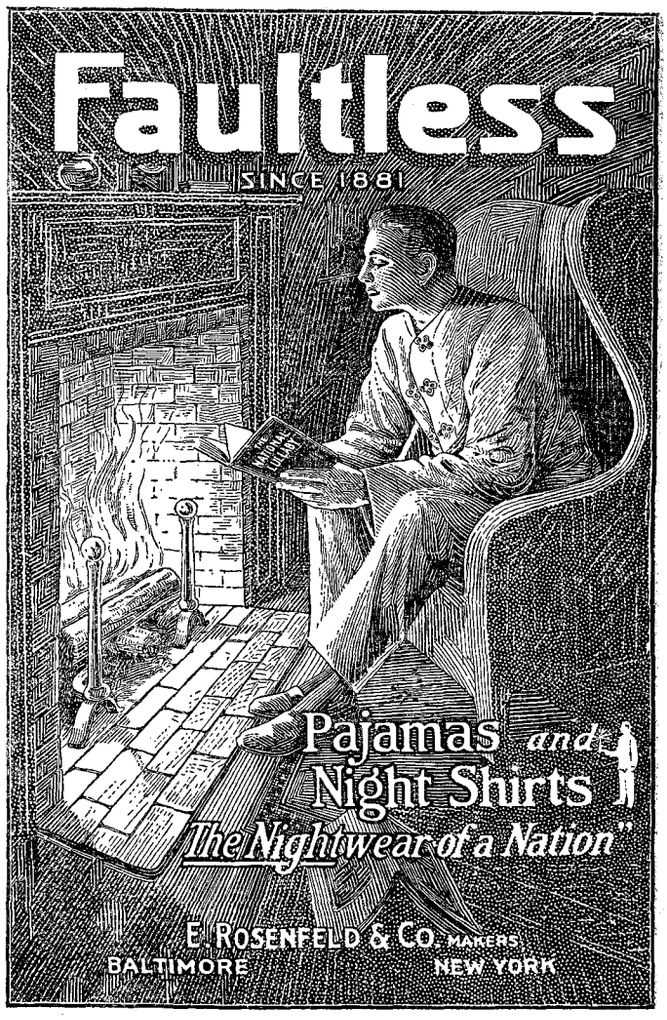
" 'INDIA AND THE FUTURE' is a brilliant contribution, the product of a mind which has that rarest of all gifts, perfect straightness of vision combined with uncompromising fairness in debate and decision." —*LONDON NATION.*

"There is no fairer mind than his in England . . . the ablest, most candid and most stimulating survey of the subject written in England for a good many years past." —*LONDON OBSERVER.*

Large octavo, Illustrated. $3.00 net wherever books are sold.

Send to the publisher for a copy of the new complete catalog of Borzoi Books.

Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 220 West Forty-Second Street, New York



THE ANNALIST

A Magazine of Finance, Commerce and Economics

TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK

Valuable to every man who owns a business and to every executive.

Deals with Finance and Economics as they affect commercial conditions.

Reflects and defines the movements which determine the general trend of all markets.

Of real service to business men.

Publishes expert opinions by men of national importance.

Non-technical, conservative, reliable.

Subscription Rates

One Year	$4.00
Six Months	2.00
Three Months	1.00

AT NEWS STANDS TEN CENTS A COPY

Sample Copies on request

ISSUED EVERY MONDAY MORNING

Indispensable to every Field Artillery Officer, Non-Commissioned Officer and Member of Special Details.

NOTES ON TRAINING

FIELD ARTILLERY DETAILS

By Lieut.-Col. Robert M. Danford, N.A., and Major Onorio Moretti, U.S.R.

35th Thousand, revised and augmented and greatly improved in size and weight

Price $2.00

For sale by all Regimental Exchanges and leading dealers or postpaid to any address.

Equally Necessary is

700 FRENCH TERMS FOR AMERICAN FIELD ARTILLERYMEN

By Edward Bliss Reed, Major, Yale R.O.T.C.

Postpaid to any address. 50 cents

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

120 College Street, New Haven, Connecticut

280 Madison Avenue, New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Austen, it seems to me, than either tenderness or bitterness.

Both Mr. Howells and Mr. Warre Cornish notice something old-fashioned in Miss Austen's style. The latter, when praising the scene in which Elizabeth Bennet refuses Darcy, has to make allowances "for stiffness of language and the ceremonious manners of the times." Mr. Howells says: "As for the colloquial or rhetorical languaging of the dialogue throughout, I have noticed in my latest reading of the book that the style is natural when the matter in hand requires the expression of no grand emotion, but that when the author mounts her high horse, and advances at the pace which the imitators of the great Doctor Johnson had set, she ceases to be Jane Austen, demure, ironical, natural, and becomes Fanny Burney, after Fanny Burney has learned her lesson in the process of becoming Madame d'Arblay." Well, no one will deny that Miss Austen has often a formality in neatness which the masters of our contemporary prose seek to avoid. Yet while I read her I almost never get that special feeling which we call old-fashionedness. More positive impressions exclude this one, as they do when I read Fielding or Goldsmith or Sterne. And is not Miss Austen's manner often at its most natural and simple when her feeling is deepest? Take, for example, the famous passage near the end of Persuasion, when Anne is near finding her lost happiness: "Prettier musings of high-wrought love and eternal constancy could never have passed along the streets of Bath than Anne was sporting with from Camden Place to Westgate Buildings. It was almost enough to spread purification and perfume all the way." After re-reading such sentences one takes a new pleasure in Mr. Howells's admirable praise: "Her style has the rare distinction of absolute prose, which . . . is often of the simplicity of the best talk, and always of the naturalness which still freshly charms."

Q. K.

Over There and Back, by Lieut. Joseph S. Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

FRANKLY boyish is this account of the war by a young American officer who has fought against the Boche in three uniforms—Canadian, British, American. He first went to France with the Second Canadian Division, then received a commission in the British army and was attached to the Royal Scots, resigning in August, 1917, to come home and put on the uniform of his own country. Three years of fighting have brought him into every big battle on the British end of the western front, and yet there is nothing sombre in his story even when he writes of death. Sometimes a stray bullet whirred over head, he says, but his men never ducked. "You never hear the bullet that gets you, so why worry?" In this carefree spirit, and without thought of beauty or accuracy of style, he tells his story, as quick to record acts of heroism as to forget the horrors that drove men insane.

Contributors

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT—A graduate of Bryn Mawr College. Has been in France for several months and is contributing a series of articles to the New Republic.

GEORGE SOULE—Until recently assistant editor of the New Republic; has resigned this position and enlisted in the heavy artillery as a volunteer.

ERNST FREUND—Professor of Jurisprudence and Public Law at the University of Chicago.

ROBERT W. BRUÈRE—Chief of the Bureau of Industrial Research and Publicity in Washington.

Man Shops 6 Years

Until a fellow is eighteen his mother does most of his buying for him. After he is twenty-four, his wife does. Except for those six years, the best way to sell most things for a man is to sell his women folks. And the best way to do that is to advertise in

The Delineator

The Magazine In One Million Homes

Conserve Labor Power

We are backing the boys over there—but we cannot give them our best until the fitness of our workers here equals the fitness of our fighters there.

Our output should be larger. The health and efficiency of our industrial army must be improved.

Strengthen our "second line of defense" by lending your help to promote proper labor standards. Subscription of $3 to our organization will express your support and entitle you to—

1. Active membership in the Association.
2. A year's subscription to our "Review."
3. All Legislative Reports. Address—now!

American Association for Labor Legislation
133 East 23d Street NEW YORK

RUSSIA IN REVOLUTION

By MOISSAYE J. OLGIN

AUTHOR OF

"The Soul of the Russian Revolution"

IN THE JUNE NUMBER OF

LIFE AND LABOR

139 N. Clark St., Chicago

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALICE KAUSER

1402 Broadway
New York

Dramatists' Agent

—PLAYS—

MOTION PICTURE DEPT.

R. L. GIFFEN
Manager

FREE Book on Birds and Bird Houses

Learn how to attract song birds from my Book.

Write for your copy today. An early reply will receive a beautifully colored bird picture suitable for framing, *free.*

Song birds save millions of bushels of grain, fruit and vegetables every year. They destroy the insects that attack all kinds of crops. You should furnish song birds with safe homes in which to raise their young and they will return to your gardens year after year to gladden your heart with their beauty and song. There is a

$5 *for this 4-room Wren House 28 in. high*

Dodson Bird House

for every kind of bird. No grounds are quite complete without the song birds. You can attract the very bird you want by simply putting up the right kind of Dodson House. Dodson Bird Houses awarded Gold Medal at Panama Exposition, San Francisco.

My 28 apartment (32 in. x 27 in.) Purple Martin House, $12.

JOSEPH H. DODSON, *Pres. American Audubon Association*
742 Harrison Avenue, Kankakee, Ill.

Dodson's Sparrow Trap guaranteed to rid your community of these grain eating pests. Price $6.

SOCIAL SERVICE SUMMER SCHOOL

ENROLL NOW for courses from July eighth to August sixteenth. Training in War Relief, Industrial Conditions, Child Welfare, Social Case Work, Community Organization, Recreation, etc.

The Summer School should be of value to College Seniors, Teachers, Clergymen, Nurses and Social Workers.

For bulletin, etc., address Secretary, 107 East Twenty-second Street.

THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF PHILANTHROPY

Start Saving Money Today

STOP Careless Spending BEGIN Intelligent Spending

By CHARLES W. HOYT

IN these days it is the duty of every man, woman, and child to stop careless spending of money. It is right to spend money carefully and intelligently, but it is unpatriotic and disloyal to spend one's income on the bit-or-miss plan.

Fifteen years ago, George B. Woolson laid out for his own use a system for keeping a personal and household cash account. Several friends saw it and wanted one for their own use. So he had about a hundred copies printed and ruled. Then he sent out a few hundred circulars, which was the start of the business of George B. Woolson & Company. Since, and up to the beginning of this year, several thousand copies have been sold yearly. For the past ten years there has been practically no advertising. The books have sold because of word-of-mouth advertising or one person recommending it to another.

One day last September a young man walked into my office and asked me to advertise Woolson's Economy Expense Book in his magazine.

He told me that there was a wonderful opportunity right now to sell a book, which, like the Woolson books, helped people to save money. He said that the opportunity was greater than ever before in the history of this country.

He even told me that it was my duty, that I owed it to my country, right now when saving and intelligent spending was so important, to advertise Woolson's Economy Expense Book. He said that I was in a position to "do my bit" in just this way.

I knew that during the past fifteen years hundreds, yes thousands, of young people, married and single, had been helped in their personal and household financing by Woolson's Economy Expense Book. I had read letters by the hundred, from people who had written in for a second copy, in which they told of the great help that Woolson's Economy Expense Book had been to them. I knew that it was a good thing because I had used a book in my own family for years. I had presented many copies to young people and knew that it had helped them.

But the facts were that the concern had not made money by advertising. They had long ago decided to stop experimenting on further advertising. In fact, they didn't have enough money to advertise.

But the young man's logic kept coming back into my mind. Finally I yielded, and in one of the November magazines Woolson's Economy Expense Book was offered for sale.

Within three weeks after it appeared, I decided that the field really was big; that right now the people needed and wanted such a book; and that there was a possibility of selling it through advertising. I ordered, and committed myself for $30,000 worth of advertising.

And so, over an interval of two months, this $30,000 was spent. Thousands of books were sold. During January, February and March, George B. Woolson & Company had great trouble, because of the abnormal conditions, to manufacture sufficient quantities of books. But finally, at about April 1st, sufficient books had been made to fill all orders to date.

Every man, every woman, who earns and spends money, should keep an account of it; should be able to tell quickly, at any time, for what the money has been spent. Every family that has an income of even $1,000 per year, every individual who earns $800 per year, should run a cash account.

Three-quarters of the troubles of married life may be traced to an unintelligent use of the family income.

Because I know that there are several million families in this country who will be helped by the use of Woolson's Economy Expense Book, I am again placing orders for advertising, to the extent of a great many thousand dollars. I believe every person who buys this book, and uses it for at least one year, will thank me for bringing its merits to their attention.

Woolson's Economy Expense Book is a handsome, well-made book, bound in flexible fabrikoid leather. In the front of the book is a two-page article entitled "Getting On In The World." This contains many valuable ideas. It gives budgets showing the ideas of others as to the proper proportion of one's income to spend for rent or room, food or board, clothing, amusements, insurance, etc. The ideas given in this preface are worth hundreds of dollars to anybody who will read and use them.

Next, there is room for four years' accounting. The book is so arranged that you can always tell what every sort of expense has cost you. You can compare similar expenses by weeks, months or years. At the back of the book is a four years' summary, by the use of which you can see at a glance exactly where your money has gone from year to year. The use of this accounting system will mean thousands of dollars to you in money and much more in peace of mind.

Right now is the time to start—not January 1st, but now when the fate of this Nation depends so much on what its people do with their money.

I have arranged with the publishers so that you need send no money in advance. I want you to see the book first. I want you to have it in your home for five days absolutely on approval. I want you to read it and to consider what it will do for you. At the end of five days you are to remit $2 or return the book.

Write today. Unless you wish, you need send no cash, but give a business reference. The publisher will send the book (all charges prepaid) at once. Use the coupon or write a letter.

GEORGE B. WOOLSON & COMPANY
118-V West 32nd Street, New York City

George B. Woolson & Co. N. R.-5-18-18
118-V West 32nd St., New York.

Without obligation please send me, all charges prepaid, Woolson's Economy Expense Book. I agree to send $2 in 5 days or return the book.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED